

MACE AND DONOVAN IN THE RING AGAIN

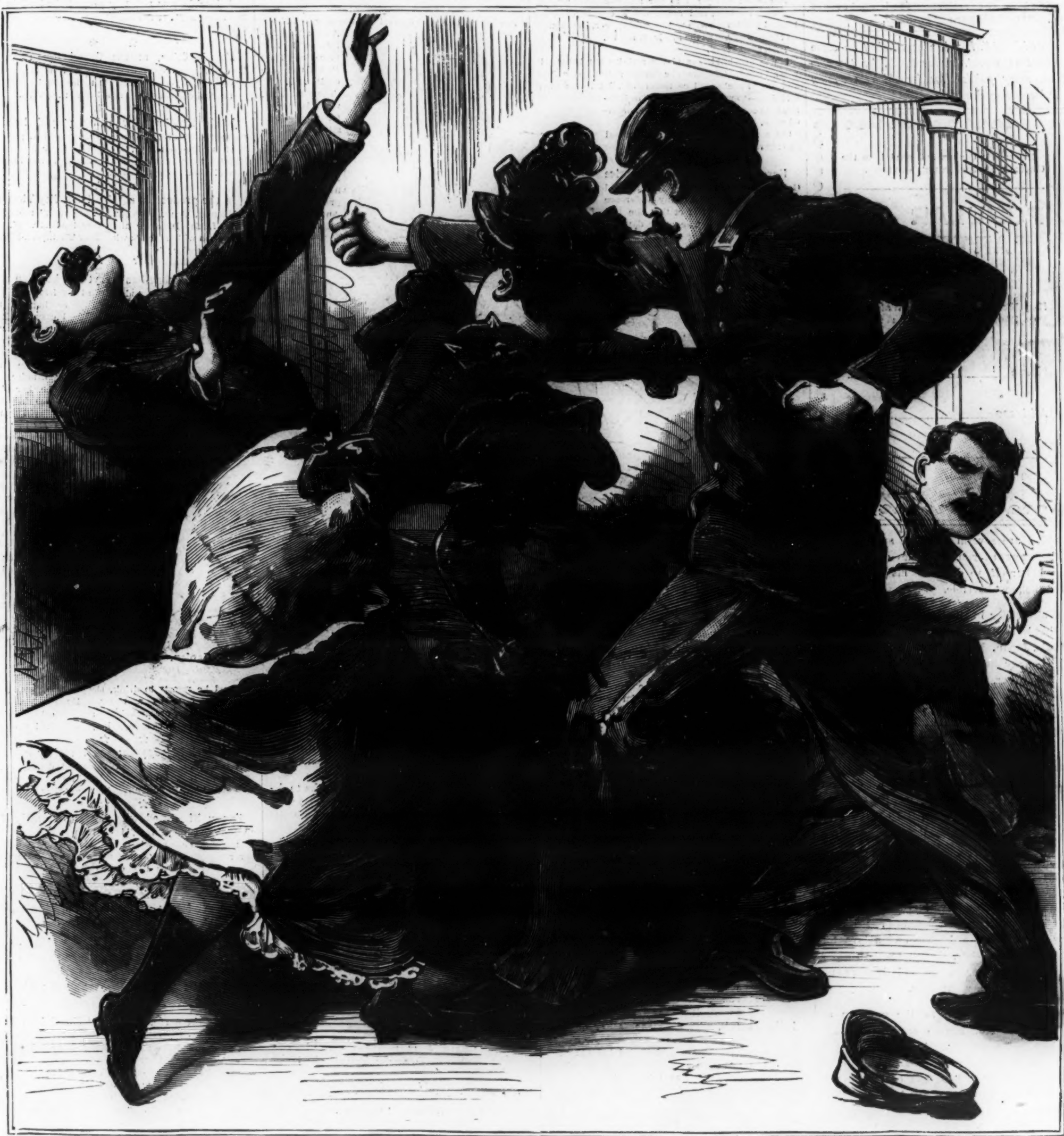
THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1896.

VOLUME LXIX.—No. 1,009.
Price 10 Cents.



TRIED TO STEAL HIS GIRL.
BUT THE TWO GAY SOLDIERS, OF FORT M'HENRY, BALTIMORE, MD., GET SADLY LEFT.



ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 26, 1896.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE NEW YORK N. Y. AS SECOND-
CLASS MAIL MATTER.

13 Weeks, \$1.00!

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RICHARD K. FOX.

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Mr. Richard K. Fox has established an office at 149 Fleet street, London, E. C., for the sale of his many publications, for which there is an ever increasing demand.

Fill in this Coupon and send it to the
CONTENT EDITOR, POLICE GAZETTE.

POPULAR BARTENDER CONTEST.

Magnificent Solid Gold Watch or
Diamond Locket Goes to
the Winner.

Name _____

Address _____

Contest Closes January 1, 1897.

THERE are several ways of suiciding and the wayward young woman of Ohio who burned herself to death seems to have selected the most horrible.

AN advertiser in the POLICE GAZETTE writes that he is doing business with customers in India, Japan, England and St. Petersburg, and all on account of his business transactions with this paper. What more do you want, and if you have goods to sell in what better way can you invest your money?

THE time for the bartenders' contest is drawing to a close and the drink mixers and their friends will soon know who is the winner. In view of the fact that the date for closing falls on a holiday, coupons, to be counted, will have to be in the office of the POLICE GAZETTE on the last day of December.

AS the year of 1896 comes to a close it is pleasant to note that the POLICE GAZETTE is in a more flourishing condition than ever, and is still looked upon as the leading sporting and sensational paper of the world. It will be so as long as square dealing and a love for legitimate sport exists. It has to-day a wider circulation than ever before, and there are no other papers in the same class.

THE soldiers attached to the garrison at Baltimore, Md., have something to talk about now. Two of them tried to be funny the other day and they proceeded to kidnap the good-looking widow who was basking in the smiles of one of their comrades. But they apparently forgot that the woman's escort had nothing with him but uppercuts and straight jabs, which he proceeded to deliver in fine shape. He all but knocked them out and then, to cap the climax, both were arrested.

Tough, wasn't it!

MASKS AND FACES.

How the Girl With a Red Dress
Made a Big Hit.

DANCED ON A TABLE.

Tale of the Unsuspecting Soubrette and
Her \$300 Diamond Ring.

ONCE WAS ENOUGH FOR HER.

She was a good-looking blonde and she wore a pretty red dress, but it was the kind of red that wouldn't look well in the broad daylight. She had a young man with her, of the kind that is well known about town, and they had been having a high old time.

They were up in Hammerstein's Roof Garden, where there is real life after 12 o'clock at night, and the girl was evidently itching to do something that would attract attention.

Her escort whispered to her and nodded at a table. She took the hint, and disturbing a couple of bald-headed gentlemen who were drinking beer, she mounted the mahogany as the music struck up.

Then she danced. It was wild but it was clever, and it went because it was all right. Of course she showed red silk stockings and some bunches of lace underwear, but it was after midnight—so what difference. The bald-headed gentlemen applauded and ordered wine.

She came down to drink it and refused an encore.

Here's a good thing: Beatrice Goldie—lovely girl—had a \$300 diamond ring. It doesn't make any difference where she got it. The fact that she had it is quite enough. The other day she



SHE DANCED FOR THE GENTLEMEN.

A Girl in a Red Dress Who Did a Table Dance at Hammerstein's Winter Roof Garden.

loaned it to a friend—a man. The man was hard up and forgot to return it. She had him arrested. Now he's in jail and she has her ring. It is riveted to her finger.

Little Emma Pollock, sheltered from the rain by an antique umbrella, tripped gayly along Broadway during a recent storm.

"Where on earth did you get that parachute?" queried an acquaintance.

"At a pawnshop," was the smiling rejoinder.

"A what?" asked the friend in horrified amazement.

"Well, it's this way," explained Emma. "When Harrigan had his theatre on Thirty-fifth street we were all more or less acquainted with a beneficent 'uncle' in the neighborhood. I came downtown to-day without an umbrella and when the storm came up I was close to the store kept by the gentleman whose sign is three golden balls, so stepping in I asked him to lend me a rain protector. This was the only one he had and I was forced to take it or get wet."

Here's a new girl who has just made her debut on the stage. Her name is Kitty Cone and she is just thirteen months old. She made her appearance in the arms of her aunt, Kate Claxton.

Lelia Farrell, who died the other day as she was rehearsing an act for the vaudeville, remarked a few days before the grim angel carried her off: "It's almost a tragedy to go back on the stage after you have been away from it as long as I have. Don't imagine that I have any illusions about myself. My former popularity is the hardest thing that I will have to face. My figure has gone by the board, I know, and I am no

The Dear Girls

All delight in reading FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Those delightful story series from the French sent, securely wrapped, for 50 cents each, by RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet St., London, E. C.

longer 'Lovely Lelia Farrell,' but I always was conceited enough to think that I had a little bit of talent which was more than skin deep, and now I am going to prove whether or not I have been deluding myself all these years."

The death of Albert Aronson will remove a familiar figure from the Rialto. As "The Little Brother of the Casino," Albert added greatly to the gaiety of life in comic opera circles during the many years of his brother Rudolph's regime at Thirty-ninth street and Broadway. Latterly, however, since the Aronsons took possession of the Bijou, Albert has been the most important member of the family. He was a great story teller, and there are many people who will mourn his loss sincerely.

Francis Wilson has taken to writing letters of commendation to struggling artists. His latest effusion was addressed to Mary Vokes, who plays the part of a German servant girl in "My Friend From India," and he thanks her for acting her part in so unctious a manner.

Emma Juch, who was once a famous singer, but who is now Mrs. Wellman, was on the witness stand the other day as a witness in a suit for damages brought by her husband against Harry Miner. The jury couldn't resist her, so Wellman won.

Jimmie Thornton is still hustling. He has W. W. Downing as a business manager now, and he writes that he is doing good business.

"Aunt Louisa" Eldridge, who seems to be growing younger every year, is hard at work just now upon her Santa Claus festival for the stage children.

As usual, the festival will take place at Tony Pastor's Theatre on Dec. 27.

The committee, which is hustling for money and gifts, is as follows: "Aunt Louisa" Eldridge, president; Mrs. E. L. Fernandez, vice-president; Mrs. Antonio Pastor, Miss Olive Nel-

be another actor basking in the sunshine of the fair Lillian's smile. If this is true the question is, will Walter ever get back?

William Carley, who is the best-known man in the neighborhood of Washington Market, New York, has written and composed a song entitled, "Yer Never Seed a Nigger in de Surf." It is not only unusually well written, but the melody is particularly fine, and there is no doubt but that the song will become popular.

One of the brightest little serio-comic singers on the stage to-day is Maude Raymond, who has been making a hit at every place in which she has appeared during the present season. She is most original in her work and has a monologue that has never been equalled.

Minnie Renwood, who was one of the original serpentine dancers, and who has been keeping quiet for some time, has perfected a new roller-skating act which she will produce at Proctor's before long.

Belle Harper, of "The Mandarin" Company, at a recent Saturday matinee took Adele Ritchie's place as Ting Ling and made a hit.

Annie Abbott, the once famous "electrical woman," who of late has been running a bakery at Columbia, S. C., was robbed recently by a colored woman, who took papers, jewels, medals and the like valued at \$5,000. The thief was arrested, and Miss Abbott has closed her bakery.

Arline Athens recently played the lead in "A Red Stocking," at a few hours' notice and scored a strong success.

Maggie Cline, at the Grand Opera House, faced an assemblage of friends and admirers who voted her and "On Broadway" to be the best type of that sort of entertainment now before the public.

Jessie Bradbury, who has played leading soubrettes for several seasons, is disengaged at present. She has a fine contralto voice and is a graceful dancer. Miss Bradbury has composed the music of a new lullaby, which is soon to be published.

In the production at the Park City Theatre, Bridgeport, Conn., of "Gay Mr. Lightfoot" the other night, Louis DeLange almost scalped Mr. W. H. Thompson with a tomahawk. Now Thompson is looking for an easier job.

Sibyl Johnstone has everything her own way in the sketch that she and Edward Eggleston are pre-

senting at the Pleasure Palace. It is called "A Woman's Way" and affords Miss Johnstone the opportunity to make her first plunge into the vaudeville pool. As Iza in "The Clemenceau Case" the actress won fame by posing practically in the altogether. Now she compromises by appearing in a gown cut decidedly décolleté. But as to the sketch itself, Miss Johnstone figures as a sort of Mrs. Caudle, who lectures her husband for keeping late hours. A torrent of eloquence flows from her

lips, and he resorts to drink, sleep, sofa pillows and gymnastic feats as a result. Even when she leaves the stage, presumably to replenish her verbal reservoir, he indulges merely in pantomime language.

Mrs. Jack Bloodgood, a swell society woman of New York, has made her theatrical debut in "A Flower of a Day." She thinks she will make a great actress and Mr. Frohman is going to give her a chance.

Fanny Bloodgood, who starred recently in "A Night at the Circus," is at liberty, owing to the closing of that company's season. Miss Bloodgood has never been seen to better advantage than in this piece, her performance as the Circus Queen winning the unstinted praise of a unanimous press.

Manager Miner, of the People's Theatre, is keeping his house up to the standard. This week "When London Sleeps" is drawing full houses.

The play illustrates life in the gay English capital to perfection, and the Halliwell mansion scene in the second act, described as a notorious gambling house, to which the heroine is lured, is one of the features of the production.

During the performance of "The Geisha" at Daly's Theatre the other night, Grace Rutlee, one of the chorus girls, had a narrow escape from serious injury. A carbon light burst while she was close beside it, and a piece of the red-hot stuff set fire to her dress. There was a small panic for a few minutes until the firemen detailed to the theatre came to the rescue and extinguished the blaze. Miss Rutlee had a severe shock, but only a slight burn.

It Tells Its Own Story!

"Woman and Her Lovers." No. 9 FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. A dainty, delightful story, piquantly illustrated. Price 50 cents. Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York, 149 Fleet St., London, E. C.

EXTRA!

JEM MACE AND MIKE DONOVAN IN THE RING.

Veteran Patrons of the Fistic Game Gather at the Ringside to See the Sport.

CHAMPIONS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT WERE THERE.

Arthur Chambers and Billy Edwards Recall Stirring Times---Barney Aaron and Dooney Harris on their Mettle.

JIM CORBETT OPENS THE EYES OF THE WISE MEN OF FISTIANA.

It isn't every day in the week that the most persistent followers of ring happenings are permitted to see such famous past masters of the art of boxing as Jem Mace and Mike Donovan appear together. Mace the champion of his time and the cleverest two-handed fighter that the world had ever seen at that time, and Donovan who bore the honors of middleweight champion, long and gloriously until the lapse of time cause him to resign his title to the younger and sturdier contingent of whom the late Jack Dempsey was an illustrious example, were the bright particular stars of a dazzling championship constellation at the Broadway Athletic Club, last Monday night. The vast amphitheater, capable of seating five thousand people was filled to overflowing. The younger element of ring patrons were conspicuous by their absence and in their wonted places, in the boxes and arena seats were noticed men of more advanced years. Men who had grown gray, grizzled and storm-beaten in pursuit of sport, who gambled with our daddies and chased the merry fighters up when the raw 'uns were in vogue. Old timers who never took kindly to the "Mufflers," to whom the sight of a pair of boxing gloves suggested the degeneration of the noble sport. They were the men who crowded about the ring side to shake the hands of "good old Jem."

There never was such a gathering of old 'uns. Veterans from all over the country were there. They swapped reminiscences of thirty years ago and memories of fistic happenings that had lain dormant for many years were recalled at the sight of the veteran volunteers who appeared in the ring to do "Old Mace" and "Mike" a friendly turn.

And what a gathering of them, too! First and foremost, Al Smith, to whose indefatigable energy the success of the whole affair was due. To the younger generation of sporting men Al Smith is known as a square sport, whose word is equivalent to his bond. But those grizzled old-timers recalled him as one of the leaders of the old guard, the stakeholder of all the big money fought for in those days, the referee of all the notable fights and the friend and backer of some of the greatest ring fighters the world has ever seen. Following Smith, there was Barney Aaron, the greatest featherweight of his time, and Dooney Harris, poor old Dooney, the shades of an eventful life gradually closing about him. Arthur Chambers and Billy Edwards, Jerry Donovan, a fighter of the past; Jack Turner, Steve Taylor, who was at one time looked upon as a likely candidate for fistic championship honors; George Rooke, 'im as fought McClelland for the middleweight title; Bill and Mike Coburn, the bare mention of whom recalls the fistic glories of another brother, whose name adorns the pages of fistic history; John Donaldson, "Minneapolis Jack," they used to call him then; Charley Norton, Patsy Shepard, a lightweight champion in the days when titles were won in a very different way to what they are now. Then there was Johnny Clark, Billy Muldoon and Jack Lawrence, who enjoys the distinction of having trained John Morrissey for all his fights.

While the old-timers were in the majority there was a lot of men who have more recently acquired fame, and a few connecting links between the past and present. John L. Sullivan, with a paunch on him as big as a flour barrel and a pair of sideboard whiskers that might have adorned the countenance of "his nibs, the Prince," occupied a box at the ring side with Jimmy Wakeley, Charley Johnston and Philip Lynch. He was the cynosure of all eyes and the recipient of more applause than any of the other celebrities.

To add lustre to the occasion and make the championship chain complete Jim Corbett was there, just by the way of showing the vets that Mace with all his reputed skill was "not the only pebble on the beach." Corbett generously cancelled his engagement at a Jersey City Theatre to be present. After him came a host of latter day celebrities, George Dixon, Kid Lavigne, Peter Maher, Joe Chynski, Solly Smith, Dan Creedon and hundreds of lesser lights.

The sport began about 9 o'clock with a three-round bout—set to they used to call it—between Charley Norton and Keefe, his pupil. Norton proved that he had not forgotten anything of the art which justified the reputation he had ten years ago of being one of the cleverest lads that ever put his hands up. After them came Jim Hall and Peter Burns in a fine display of the manly art. They retired from the ring in favor of John Donaldson and George Rooke. The announcement of the latter's name was the signal for vociferous applause from those who recalled his doings in the ring. The old 'un carries his years well and looked little if any older than he did the night he fought Billy McClelland in the old Buckingham Palace. He was agile and frisky on his feet and kept Corbett's old sparring partner on the jump for three rounds.

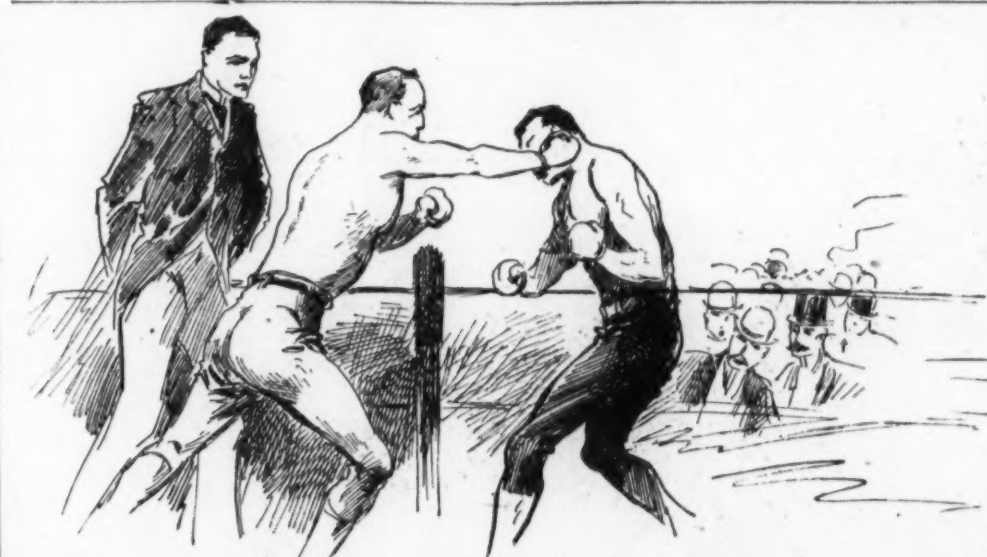
How the crowd did yell and cheer when Arthur Chambers and Billy Edwards bounded into the roped enclosure. Chambers laughed as the crowd eyed the tub-like swelling at his waist line. He looked like a well-fed, jovial old sort, who begrudged the time he

wasted during the early days of his ring career. Edwards looked lean and gaunt by comparison with his old-time rival. Arthur and Billy fought again their famous fight while the crowd applauded the clever display.

A new comer, Bob Armstrong, next appeared upon the scene. He is looked upon by the knowing ones as a likely candidate for championship honors, and withstood the criticism of the knowing ones without suffering by comparison. He boxed three friendly rounds with Tommy Kelly, of Hoboken.

At this juncture there was a cry for Sullivan and the big fellow, in response to the long continued applause, ascended to the stage and after bowing his acknowledgements, thanked his friends for the reception and retired amid cheers.

What a roar went up as Dooney Harris and Barney



Barney Aaron Hands Dooney Harris a Hot One.

Aaron climbed through the ropes. It is many a long day since either of them put up a hand, but their deeds in the ring have been handed down, and the spectators who welcomed them the other night recalled them as two of the most accomplished fighters of their time.

And what an interesting bout they put up, too. They boxed cleverly and cut up as many pranks and antics as a pair of school boys let out for an airing. They left the ring amidst shouts of "Good old Barney." "Good old Dooney."

There came a succession of introductions, first George Dixon, then George Lavigne, Joe Chynski, Steve O'Donnell and Peter Maher.

There was a roar down near the dressing-rooms, and Jim Corbett was seen pushing his way through the crowd with Jim McVey, his sparring partner. He was called upon for a speech, but modestly declined the invitation. He boxed three lively rounds and his appearance and actions were sufficient to repudiate the stories of lost vitality and lack of fighting power which have been circulated with such persistent frequency. He never looked better, or appeared to better advantage, and the critics were not slow to acknowledge the fact.

After them came the stars of the occasion, Jem Mace and Mike Donovan. They were accompanied by "Parson" Davis in the role of M. C. On behalf of the beneficiaries, Mr. Davies thanked the spectators for their attendance, the donors of funds, giving special mention to Richard K. Fox and the POLICE GAZETTE, and last, but not least, the boxers and others who had volunteered their services. He referred particularly to Al Smith's generous endeavors and in response to a call Mr. Smith ascended the stage, and after shaking hands with Mace and Donovan, bowed his acknowledgement and retired.

Donovan and Mace were attired in the conventional boxing masters' dress of long flannel trousers, the latter being ornamented with a broad stripe of green running down the outside seam of each leg.

Their bout of four rounds was a clever display of scientific boxing. Mace was a trifle slow and once or twice Donovan put it on his jaw pretty hard. The veteran stopped in the middle of the round and plucked out a mouthful of false teeth which he handed to an attendant. They then resumed boxing. Donovan easily outpointed his rival, no decision was rendered.

True to Nature!

"Love's Sacrifice." No. 8 FOX SENSATIONAL SERIES. A pathetic story of a girl sacrificed to her lover's ambition. Piquantly illustrated. Price by mail 50 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet St., London, E. C.

The final bout of the night was ten rounds between Jack McKeek and Jimmy Rose.

CREEDON PUNISHED IN A HARD FIGHT.

Dick O'Brien Beaten, but Gave the Australian a Taste of His Quality

Three thousand people who were present at the Broadway Athletic Club on Dec. 11 saw a middleweight encounter that has not been paralleled since Dempsey and Fitzsimmons fought their memorable fight at New Orleans. Dan Creedon, who was picked out only a few years ago by many poor judges as a match for Bob Fitzsimmons or any middleweight fighter in the world, did not distinguish himself by whipping Dick O'Brien in nine rounds. For O'Brien gave almost as much as he took in the way of punishment, although Creedon landed at least eight blows to his one.

At the end of the bout, if a man who had not seen it had been asked to pick the winner by the appearance of the contestants he would have selected O'Brien, providing he was not partial to the other fellow.

The fight was stopped two seconds before the going announcing the end of the ninth round should have sounded, and Dick Roche, the club's new referee, was applauded for calling a halt because O'Brien, all but out and bleeding profusely, was staggering about the ring, practically at Creedon's mercy, although he had "a punch left in him," as the patrons of the ring said.

O'Brien is game. His courage has never been questioned, and he put up a splendid battle under the circumstances, for Creedon, as a boxer, outclassed him.

A majority of the sports expected to see O'Brien knocked out in five rounds. Some thought Creedon would win in two. But O'Brien was in the ring to win, and Creedon, with all his alleged hitting powers, could not floor him.

Early in the second round Creedon landed with his right on the jaw.

Creedon tried his best, but O'Brien was too strong to falter at such a slight reminder.

In the fifth round O'Brien was given quite a thrashing. Indeed, he might have been put to sleep but for the friendly song.

Creedon began to tire in the sixth round, and his knowledge of boxing was of incalculable value to him. Some hot fighting on both sides marked the seventh and eighth rounds, and although Creedon had an advantage as to clean hitting, he appeared to be losing his speed, and was quite willing to assume a defensive attitude as often as an opportunity presented itself.

"Go at him, Dick!" yelled men in the crowd. "Go at him fast. He's done."

Early in the ninth round Creedon picked up wonderfully and made what might be called a racing finish. A left-hander on the body just over a spot that Creedon's glove had frequently visited took the wind out of O'Brien's sails, and a cross-counter on the jaw made him stagger. Creedon followed up his advantage as best he could, but weak as he was O'Brien managed to keep on his feet under a fusillade of left-hand jabs and right-hand swings. At times he attempted to retaliate, but he was dizzy. His blows were wild. Creedon was the master mechanic of the show. Everybody saw

that O'Brien knew it, still with bulldog tenacity he hung on until the referee took a hand in the game.

O'Brien was so badly punished that he will not be in shape to attend a pink tea for at least ten days. Creedon has cancelled all his social engagements for a month.

SHOT HER BLACK LOVER.

Mrs. Gertrude Cregier, a white woman who is well-known at Bloomfield, N. J., walked into the police station in that town the other morning and told Police-man Collins, who was on duty at that time, that she had shot Charles Anderson, a colored man with whom she had been living.

"I don't know whether he is dead or not," she said, coolly, "so I guess you had better send a doctor to see him."

He began to question her, but she refused to say anything more than what she had already said. She was detained, and then the chief of police went to her home at 196 Glenwood avenue. Charles Anderson was a colored man. Mrs. Cregier had been his mistress for some years. The chief found Anderson on the floor in the dining-room. Lee Carter, his uncle, was kneeling beside him trying to make him speak. Anderson was dead. Carter said that Anderson had left the house before breakfast. He was gone two hours. In the meantime his mistress had prepared breakfast, and it had got cold. When Anderson did come back Mrs. Cregier said:

"I'm damned if I'll wait all day again for any nigger."

Anderson retorted:

"If you'd stop your cursing people would think more of you."

The woman said she'd curse as much as she pleased, and she swore a ten-minute streak without stopping. Anderson grabbed her by the arm and shook her. She shrieked in rage that she wouldn't let a white man do that, let alone a "nigger," and she broke away and ran upstairs. She came down in a moment. Anderson had seated himself at the table preparatory to eating breakfast. Mrs. Cregier stood on the bottom step of the stairway, drew a revolver from underneath her apron and pointing it at him, fired. He fell out of his chair dead, without a word, and she said to Carter that she was going to give herself up.

The chief went back to the police station. Mrs. Cregier was laughing and talking with Collins. She was searched. The revolver with which she had killed Anderson was in the bosom of her dress. She would not tell how she had come to shoot him. She was taken to the Essex county jail in Newark. Carter was also taken there as a witness. The bullet that struck Anderson passed through his heart.

This is not the first time that Mrs. Cregier has used a pistol. She shot her husband's hat off once when she was living with him. He left her because she consorted with negroes. After he had gone her conduct was such that her neighbors posted a notice upon the door of her house to the effect that if she didn't leave the town she would be tarred and feathered. When she saw it in the morning she got her revolver out and shot the notice and the door full of holes. Her husband got a divorce from her later. She is thirty years old. Anderson was thirty-five. He was a teamster.

HALE WON THE CYCLE RACE

Covered 1,910 Miles and 8 Laps in Six Days.

SCHOCK'S RECORD BEATEN.

Ten Thousand Persons Cheer the Riders During the Closing Hours.

RICE WAS SECOND WITH 1,882 MILES

After a week of great excitement the bicycle race at Madison Square Garden, New York, came to an auspicious end last Saturday night.

Fully 10,000 persons were on hand to see the finish, and the enthusiasm was of a cyclonic nature. As the weary travelers circled the track during the last few hours they were cheered to the echo, and the ovation they received stimulated them to final bursts of speed, regardless of sore limbs and aching muscles. Teddy Hale, the phenomenal Irish rider, finished in front.

In spite of the fact that he set the pace almost from the beginning of the race, he rode strongly at the end and concluded his effort with a whirlwind sprint. Irishmen were out in force, and whenever the band played "The Wearing of the Green," they shrieked until their lungs ached and indulged in good old-fashioned reels.

Joe Rice, who finished in second place, was easily the favorite with the spectators. A large delegation of Wilkesbarre "rooters" arrived during the afternoon and cheered their plucky townsman. Rice responded with flights of speed that set everybody wild. Hale and Rice, by the way, were quite friendly as they rode around the track.

The fact that Schock far exceeded his former record of 1,600 miles shows that he rode up to his true form. But the gait set by the leaders was so fast that he was unable to come in better than fifth. He was pretty well used up, and during the evening his efforts were painful. Smith, Pierce and Major Taylor, the colored boy, were also pumped out toward the end, and frequently left the track.

Moore, the Quaker, who was considered a "dark horse" early in the week, fell off in his work, and finally had it nip and tuck with Ashinger. Maddox, the Asbury Park boy, while far in the rear, indulged in same tall sprinting, to the delight of his friends. He was in excellent condition when he finally got out of the saddle. The other men simply crawled around the track at a snail's pace and made little or no headway.

During the afternoon there were about 6,000 persons in the building. They had cheers for all the riders, and many brought in flowers in baskets, horseshoes and bouquets. Hale put on an American flag and rode around amid a wild demonstration.

At 6 o'clock the great crowd of the evening began to arrive. An extra force of police had difficulty in keeping the Madison avenue entrance clear, and the ticket sellers were taxed to their utmost capacity.

The centre of the Garden by 8 o'clock was so thickly populated that it was almost impossible to navigate one's way across the floor. The rail next to the track fairly sagged under the weight of lines of shouting men, fifteen and twenty deep. While behind them, hundreds stood on tiptoe in vain attempts to see the riders.

By 9 o'clock every seat in the house was sold, and still the crowd kept pouring in. The aisles in all parts of the building were soon jammed, and the passage-way between the arena boxes and the track was choked up so that the police found it difficult to make a clear space.

There were at least 10,000 spectators present when Hale finished 1,900 miles at 8:45 o'clock. As he rode around he smiled in answer to a terrific roar, and then showed that he was still in it by sprinting in great style. Then he left the track for a short rest, followed by Rice. Schock also went off, but returned in a few moments with his plug hat and overcoat on. He lighted a cigar and hustled around the oval amid a storm of applause.

Rice resumed riding at 9:15 o'clock, while Hale was still in his quarters. The American began to spurt, while his friends were greatly excited. He had little opportunity, however, to cut the Irishman's lead down, for Hale appeared shortly after and began travelling at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour. Then Rice went off again for repairs, although he seemed quite strong. "Major" Taylor and Smith did a little sprinting at 9:30 o'clock. They were the only men on the track, barring Hale, the others having practically retired from the race.

The crowd began to cheer again as the hour of ten approached, for that marked the ending of the great struggle. More flowers were brought in, and as the men carried them around the greatest enthusiasm was manifested. Rice put on his overcoat and was escorted across Fourth avenue to the Putnam House at 9:40 o'clock, and had to stop for a hundred hand shakes.

Hale, however, kept on with his work, and when he carried an American flag there was another sensational demonstration. At 9:55 o'clock Hale, Pierce, Maddox and Taylor were the only men on the track. The others had gone to bed. When the hour was up the following scores were announced:

	Miles.	Laps.		Miles.	Laps.
Hale.....	1,910	8	Ashinger.....	1,678	3
Rice.....	1,882	6	Moore.....	1,661	7
Reading.....	1,855	3	Maddox.....	1,644	3
Forster.....	1,829	4	Cassidy.....	1,675	0
Schock.....	1,766	2	Gannon.....	1,366	8
Pierce.....	1,758	1	McLeod.....	1,350	2
Smith.....	1,754	7	Gillick.....	1,006	3
Taylor.....	1,732	2			

At the end of the race Hale dismounted and, with Schock, walked around the track, the crowd cheering vigorously.

The purse to be divided among the first eleven men is said to be \$7,500, of which Hale will receive \$1,300 and Rice \$500. Cassidy, Gannon, McLeod and Gillick will also receive something for their game struggle.

Back of the Bar.

Over 1,000 receipts in the "Police Gazette Bartender's Guide," copiously illustrated. Sold by all news-dealers or sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 25 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet St., London, E. C.



ADA DARE AND MLLE. ANI.
ONE IS A BEAUTIFUL, BOUNDING BURLESQUE LADY, THE OTHER A LITHESOME TRAPEZIST.



TRIED TO BLIND THE POLICEMAN.
A RAPID GIRL, OF LOS ANGELES, CAL., USES HER
HATPIN AS A DAGGER.



LASSED THE "COON."
AFTER HE HAD TERRORIZED CHARLESTON, IND., HE WAS
WELL ROPED BY MARSHAL SHARP.



CYCLISTS ON THE HOME STRETCH.
CLOSING SCENES AT THE RECENT SIX-DAY RACE AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK, DEC. 6-12.

THIS ACTOR A DECEIVER.

Faked a Marriage With a Beauty
of Bay City, Mich.

A ONE-NIGHT HONEYMOON.

Arrested the Next Day for Passing a
Check Which Was Worthless.

OF COURSE HE IS SORRY NOW.

There is a very penitent actor in the county jail at Bay City, Mich., who is at the present time sitting down very hard on a three-legged stool of repentance. The principal charge against him is that he tried to pass a fraudulent check, but that is really only a side issue.

There is a girl in the case. The only child of a widowed mother, and a veritable little beauty. She became smitten with the actor. She saw him act and her emotion was so great that she couldn't sleep at all that night. She fairly raved over him and thought he was the nicest thing on earth.

They met and she loved him more than ever, and she wanted to become a very great actress, like Lillian Russell or Della Fox. She wanted to join his company and she wanted to marry him, too. She thought if they were married they could travel more economically.

That idea hit the actor all right and he consented to it, but things were going along all right as they were. He and the girl had been off on several little trips, just to see how it would seem if they were married, and everything went all right. The stage-struck girl had really nothing more to learn.

But she thought marriage would be proper anyhow. He consented, and it was arranged they should elope to Saginaw where they would hunt up a parson. She packed her little grip, put in a couple of extra night-gowns, and flew the coop. She and her actor were away all night and the next day they walked into the house as bold as brass and said they had been married. Of course, mamma forgave her. That was the only thing she could do under the circumstances.

Then some one discovered that they were really not married after all. That some one was a friend of the family. He looked at the wedding certificate the girl had and saw it was a second hand arrangement that had done duty before.

Then the whole story came out. The actor had taken the girl to a house of ill-fame in Saginaw, and in the kitchen the piano player pronounced them man and wife. The girl says she thought at the time it was a real, sure-enough wedding ceremony, and she thought the man who "married" them was a justice of the peace. They went upstairs afterwards to a room they occupied that night, and a lot of women stood outside on the landing and sang suggestive songs. It will not do to print here everything that happened nor even the words of the songs that were sung. The next morning they went home because the actor's money was giving out.

The next night they were having a wedding jollification at the mother's house, at her expense, when a police officer came in and arrested the actor for forgery.

When he was in jail he broke down and told the whole story, and now the mother and the girl are going to prosecute him.

It is said the girl accuses him of obtaining her under false pretenses, and the mother will prosecute him for abduction and seduction.

There are evidently hot times ahead for the actor.

"POLICE GAZETTE SPORTING ANNUAL."

What Newspaper Critics Had to Say About
the First Number.

There is hardly any use in calling attention to the forthcoming number of the "Police Gazette Annual," for the simple reason that the "Annual" of 1896 made such a tremendous hit that it was placed at once in the front rank of publications of its kind.

Thousands of notices were published about the issue of 1896, and in printing a few of them it is in order to say that the "Annual" of 1897, to be issued early in January, will be even more complete than its predecessors.

A complete list of records and best performances in all branches of sport has been issued in book form under the title of "Police Gazette Sporting Annual." In addition to records, it contains the happenings of 1895 and individual records of all prominent pugilists.—*The Chicago Herald.*

Sporting men will find the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" a most useful and complete book of reference. It contains the records and best performances in all branches of sport and a complete chronology for 1895. A new departure is found in the individual record of every prominent pugilist now before the public. The book is illustrated with portraits of champions and prominent sporting men.—*The Hartford Times.*

The Journal has received a copy, volume 1, No. 1, of the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual." It is a very valuable compilation of statistics relating to all kinds of sports and the records of 1895. The information is of wide range and appears to be compiled with much care. The book is printed on excellent paper and is finely illustrated. Price 25 cents.—*Daily Keenecbec (Maine) Journal.*

Men interested in sports will find the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1896 a useful and complete book of reference. It contains the records and best performances in all branches of sport and a complete chronology of events in athletics, aquatics, yachting, baseball, bicycling, cricket, trotting, thoroughbred racing and all kindred sports for 1895. There are also the individual record of every prominent pugilist now before the public, with a record of ring happenings and an array of data that will be interesting to those who follow up the doings of the fistie fraternity. The book is handsomely

illustrated with portraits of champions and prominent sporting men.—*N. Y. Evening Telegram.*

The sporting editor of this paper has received a valuable pamphlet from the Richard K. Fox Publishing Company, entitled the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1896. It is something that has long been needed, and while the phrase is somewhat hackneyed, it may be truly said to fill a "long-felt want." It contains a full and complete record of the sporting events for the past year, as well as the records of all the men prominent in athletic events. It is something invaluable for reference, and should be on the desk of every one interested in sporting matters.—*The Evening Press, Columbus, O.*

The "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" was issued for the first time to-day. The work was compiled by Sam Austin, and that is sufficient guarantee of the careful and accurate manner in which it was done. "The Annual" is a book of 200 pages, and is replete from cover to cover with information which renders it invaluable to every man who desires to keep abreast of the times in sporting matters. Besides containing records of every description, it is handsomely illustrated and is a most artistic production.—*New York Daily News.*

"The Sporting Annual," published by the POLICE GAZETTE has been received at this office. It is one of the handiest sporting works published. Records of all pugilists are given.—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

The "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1896 is out, and it is undoubtedly the most useful and complete book of reference that has ever been published, containing, as it does, the records and best performances in all branches of sport, a complete chronology for 1895, events of interest in athletics, aquatics, yachting, baseball, bicycling, cricket, trotting, thoroughbred racing and all kindred sports. A new departure is found in the individual record of every prominent pugilist now before the public, with a chronology of ring happenings and an array of data that will be interesting to those who follow up the doings of the fistie fraternity. The book is handsomely illustrated with portraits of champions and prominent sporting men.—*Terre Haute Gazette.*

Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, New York, has favored us with a handsomely bound copy of the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1896. The book contains the records and best performances in all branches of sport, a complete chronology for 1895, events of interest in athletics, aquatics, yachting, baseball, bicycling, cricket, trotting, thoroughbred racing and all kindred sports. A new and interesting feature includes the individual record of every prominent pugilist now before the public, with a chronology of ring happenings and an array of data that will be interesting to those who follow up the doings of the fistie fraternity. The book is handsomely illustrated with portraits of champions and prominent sporting men.—*The Philadelphia Sun.*

By far the nearest of its kind is the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1896, which is just from the presses of the compiler and publisher, Richard K. Fox, of New York. It is the very essence of completeness.



HIS HONEYMOON SPOILED.

This Actor Had Married a Nice Little Girl, But He Had Also Forged a Check.

It contains the records and accounts of all the best performances in every branch of sport; a complete chronology of 1895; events of interest in athletics, aquatics, yachting, baseball, cycling, cricket, trotting, racing, football and kindred sports. Excellent half-tone cuts of many of the country's foremost athletes are also to be found in its pages. A new departure is the publication of the individual record of every prominent pugilist now before the public, together with an imposing array of pugilistic data and a collection of facts interesting to every follower of doings in the ring. It is the best of its kind.—*Grand Rapids, Mich., Evening Press.*

Sporting men will find the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1896 the most useful and complete book of reference that has ever been published.

Containing as it does the records and best performances in all branches of sport, a complete chronology for 1895, events of interest in athletics, aquatics, yachting, baseball, bicycling, cricket, trotting, thoroughbred racing and all kindred sports.

A new departure is found in the individual record of every prominent pugilist now before the public, with a chronology of ring happenings and an array of data that will be interesting to those who follow up the doings of the fistie fraternity.

The book is handsomely illustrated with portraits of champions and prominent sporting men.

Sam Austin, as the compiler, is deserving of more than ordinary praise.—*N. Y. Recorder.*

The "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1897, to be issued early in January, will be far and away the best publication of its kind in the world. Look out for it, and be sure you get a copy.

HER BABY GIRL CUT HER DOWN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One of the most sensational tragedies which has shocked Illinois for some time occurred near Bloomington the other day, when a farmer named Leddy choked his wife to death and then hanged her dead body with a rope by the neck to a door. Then he ran away. Some hours later her baby daughter, aged six years, saw her mother's swaying body and climbed on a chair and cut it down with a pair of scissors. There is no trace of the murderer.

Bandit Kings.

Frank and Jesse James, the outlaw brothers. The scourge of the plains. Their lives and adventures. The killing of Jesse by the Ford brothers fully illustrated. Price by mail, 50 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet St., London, E. C.

KELLY RAZORED HIS WIFE.

Lured Her Into His Store After
They Had Quarreled.

THEN HE ATTACKED HER.

The Police Came Along and Shot at
Him Through the Windows.

HE IS NOW THOUGHT TO BE DYING.

With razor and revolver John Kelly, the other day at San Jose, Cal., made an ineffectual attempt to kill his wife. Then he aimed a pistol at himself, while a policeman and deputy took a flying shot at him with their guns. They were pretty good shots, for at present Kelly has three bullets in his head, and he cannot live.

His wife, whom he gashed on the jaw with a razor and whom he shot twice, will probably live.

Kelly and his wife have been married for some time. He is about sixty years old, while she is young and pretty. He keeps a jewelry store, and the living rooms are near by. The other night, after the couple had a particularly lively quarrel, Kelly went out and bought a murderous-looking revolver. His wife knew of this, and becoming frightened, she asked a constable named Caschina what she had better do. He said he thought from the way things were going, that she had better keep out of the way for a little while.

So that night Mrs. Kelly didn't remain with her husband in the jewelry store, but occupied another room in

had carefully prepared for the tragedy. It was as follows:

"SAN JOSE.

"The stain of disgrace is cast on me by my wife. She has acted with me so unreasonable and as I am of a sensitive nature I cannot bear the stain of scandal.

"She has associated herself with bad people and bad influence, and bad advisers has brought us to this, an untimely end. May God be merciful to us all, watch and protect those two dear little children of mine.

"I should request that they be taken charge of by the convent here, and cared for and educated in a proper manner. Whatever property I have, real and personal, I also wish the convent to take charge of for the benefit of the two children, Nelly and Mary Kelly, aged six and two years, respectively.

"I also have two children living at San Diego. To each I bequeath five cents and my curse for their treatment of me while in San Diego, etc. They forced me into litigation in probate court there in relation to my dead son's property, which by law and equity belonged to me. By that litigation I paid out \$10 to William Umpries, attorney, and never received one dollar's worth from the estate, directly or indirectly.

"I have always tried to do right to all persons. I am quite rational. I realize the nature of this act which I am about to commit. I have too much self-pride. I have filled many honorable positions in Omaha and Colorado and tried to be just to all men.

Signed, J. P. KELLY."

One of the most remarkable features of the story is that while Kelly and his wife were struggling in that little room back of the jewelry store a dozen curious people were looking in the windows in open-eyed amazement.

TOMMY WEST SURPRISES JOE WALCOTT.

Gives the Barbadoes Champion a Good Walloping
for Twenty Rounds.

The Marlborough Athletic Club of New York opened its doors on Dec. 9th to a crowd of angry sports. The occasion for their anger was the announcement that Tommy West would take Dick O'Brien's place and fight twenty rounds with Joe Walcott. There was much hissing, a lot of hooting and cries of "Fake!" That was before the contest had been begun. It had not proceeded ten rounds before every man in the house was telling his neighbor what a rattling good mill it was and how glad he was to be there. West went on at a few hours' notice and fought the hitherto almost invincible Walcott to a standstill. He scored the only knockdown of the fight and had the negro in a very bad way at the finish.

Had West been quicker to take advantage of good openings he certainly would have got the decision, for he had several opportunities to land a blow that might have settled the business. As it was, he had the negro guessing the greater part of the time in spite of the fact that he plainly was not in good condition. Walcott started off to play with his man, and West was not over-supplied with nerve, so the first three rounds were very tame and a number of spectators shouted "fake!" and left the building. In the next two the fighting was equally slow, and it looked as if Walcott could put his man out at any time, and was merely trying to string out the bout to let the spectators down easily. In the sixth West landed some good ones, which brought blood and made the negro stagger. Walcott started in to do the trick in the seventh, and then came the surprise party.

West managed to stay out the round, although he was pretty groggy. In the eighth and ninth Walcott again set the pace and the bell was very welcome to the white man. When the eleventh began West had got some courage and landed some hard lefts on the negro. Walcott began to do a little guessing and thenceforward he could not get in much good work. West improved constantly and in the seventeenth sent Walcott against the ropes with a heavy right and followed this up by knocking him down. The negro clinged to save himself. If West had followed up his advantage he might have made things very unpleasant for his opponent. The rest of the fight was about even. Through an error of the timekeeper the nineteenth was the last round. Referee White called the bout a draw. Walcott is by no means as good a fighter as he was, and West made a creditable showing, although he is by no means a fighter of the first rank. The preliminary, ten rounds at 122 pounds, between Mike Sears, of Boston, and Tommy Dixon, of Rochester, was also called a draw. Sears couldn't land enough hard blows, and Dixon couldn't hit hard enough, though he did most of the leading.

Two brave young women of Sandy Lake, Pa., surprised burglars at work in the postoffice the other morning and had a lively time with them for a while. The girls have a room over the postoffice and were peacefully asleep when they heard the safe explode.

They promptly got out of bed, took revolvers from the bureau drawer and went down stairs. Halfway down they saw a man and promptly opened fire. The robber returned the shot with interest. Then the girls fired again and the thieves tumbled over each other in their anxiety to get out of the way.

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WOODED IN DENTISTS' CHAIR

How a Handsome Doctor Made
Love to a Patient.

BEAT GOLD IN HER TEETH.

And Then He Promised Her a Billion
Kisses But Didn't Pay Up.

WEDDED LIFE BUT NO WEDDING.

This is a tale of love and teeth, and the man in the case had promised the woman one billion kisses. He hadn't given them all to her, but he had given her as many as he could. He had not kept count—neither had she—so there is no telling how many she really received and how many were still due her. Besides that, she had received love letters, full of fire and passion, by the bale, and she had given her heart and soul to the handsome, swarthy dentist who had hammered gold in her teeth.

Now she would like \$20,000 because her heart is shattered, and because he refuses to give her the rest of the billion of kisses.

"She" is a good-looking young woman of Cincinnati, of whom any man might be proud. She has a shapely ankle and her eyes are black as midnight.

"He" is a dentist, and a Spaulard besides. One of those big, dark fellows who make love like a whirlwind. He had a wife, but that did not prevent him from making violent love to the pretty young woman who one day came into his place with an aching tooth. He soothed her and took the pain away and then, as he leaned over the chair and caressed her cheek with his soft hands, he told her how beautiful she was.

She came back again and sat in the same chair again. She had suddenly discovered that some of her teeth needed filling. He told her he was glad she had returned, and he at once renewed his love-making.

When he had filled the first tooth he kissed her on her rosebud mouth and told her the only way he would exact from her would be a billion kisses, and that he would give them all back to her with interest.

It was a big contract, but at the time he felt as if he could fill it without any trouble whatever.

It wasn't very long after this that the dentist began to call at her house, and he never failed to bring her something to remember him with.

Sometimes it was a basket of flowers, sometimes a box of bonbons. Finally he gave her an engagement ring (an expression which reminded her lovingly of him) set with three twinkling diamonds. She took it, kissed it, and as she did so, he said: "This ring is to establish our future and to bind us together for life."

It was all very sweet and nice, and the ring did the trick, for the next evening he called on her and took her out to dinner. It was the same old kind of a dinner, with wine and bright lights, and when she awoke in the morning she made up her mind that she would stick to the good-looking dentist whether he married her or not.

Then came jolly times for both of them. Together they took trips to Washington and the World's Fair, and they always stopped at the best of hotels, and they always had the finest kind of a fine time. She was enjoying herself so much that she forgot all about marriage. Most of his time seemed to be spent in kissing her and in telling her how much he loved her, while she used to put in a few hours herself at the kissing and loving business. Once in a while he mentioned marriage, but it was only in an informal way, and she didn't seem to pay much attention to it, so long as the path she was already treading was one of roses. Of course she had everything she wanted, from sealskin cloaks to diamond rings, but she failed to look out for the future.

For years the two lived in this manner, and then she suddenly learned he was a married man. Why that should have made her feel bad, under the circumstances, it is hard to tell. But there is no use in trying to define a woman's feelings.

Of course there was an immediate row, and when the handsome dentist went home one evening to the small apartments he had furnished for her, he found the door locked against him. He tried for half an hour to get in, but it was no use. Finally he shouted:

"Well, do I get in or not?"

"You don't get in," came the tearful answer from the other side of the door. "You have basely deceived me, and I don't want ever to see you again."

Then, like the very wise man that he is, the dentist went away. He rented a furnished room for himself and, after three days of loneliness, he went back to the wife he had abandoned. He is living with her now, after having apparently explained everything to her satisfaction, and the young woman is going to sue him for \$20,000 for breaking her heart and sundry other damages.

CHARLES M'KEEVER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A probable meeting with Kid Lavigne to decide the lightweight championship brings Charles McKeever to the front in the pugilistic game. McKeever belongs in Philadelphia, and has been against all the lightweights in the East. He first came into prominence by beating Arthur Valentine, the English lightweight champion, taking him on at a time when Lavigne, Everhardt and the other candidates for international honors lacked temerity enough to give the Briton a try. McKeever

easily bested him. When Lavigne came back from England after fighting Burge he boxed four rounds with the clever Philadelphian, but the bout was not of long enough duration to be decisive. The latter proved himself to be an exceptionally good two-handed man, able to box well, but deficient in punching power. The forthcoming match will create a lot of interest among the "fancy."

LASSED THE "COON."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A half crazy dorky is in the county jail at Jeffersonville, Ind. He was taken there the other day by Marshal Sharp, of Charleston, after he had succeeded in terrorizing the town. The dorky had a club, and every one was afraid of him until the marshal came along and lassoed him.

AL. SCHOCK AND TOM LINTON.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

Conspicuous among the contestants in the six-day bicycle race held in Madison Square Garden last week were Albert Schock and Tom Linton. The former held the long-distance championship and the record until it was broken last week.

Linton is the champion of England, dividing that honor with Little Michaels. He signaled his debut in America last week by breaking the one-hour indoor record.

REGULAR ARMY ATHLETES.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

The accompanying group of portraits is that of the athletic team at Fort Logan, Colo., which represented the Seventh Infantry at the department competition of field sports held at Denver, Colo., last October. The members of the team are as follows: First, at the left of picture, Corporal Steen, Co. E, sprinter; second, Corporal Gosner, Co. H, hurdler and hammer-thrower; third, Private Noble, Co. F, 100-yard and mile runner; fourth, Pri-



A NEW WAY TO FILL TEETH.

An Up-to-Date Dentist Who Made Love to a Girl Patient With Great Success.

vate J. Harris, Co. C, high jumper and hurdler; fifth, Sergeant Quirk, Co. G, running high and running broad jumper; sixth, Musician Finney, Co. D, standing broad jumper.

THERE WAS A SNAKE AT THIS PARTY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

When it comes to snakes, the average woman is perfectly willing to quit the game. There was a very pleasant little party billed for a select coterie in one of the best houses in Jacksonville, Fla., recently, and one of the men thought it would be very funny to produce a snake and see how the folks would act.

At the proper time he let the reptile loose, and the result was that he saw more fatted calves and finer hosiery than he ever before witnessed in his life. There is a strong suspicion that he sprung the snake on the crowd just for the purpose of seeing ankles, but this cannot be proven.

The women are now calling him a real mean thing, and it is noticed that he has quit one girl suddenly for another for no apparent reason.

HUGH LOGAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the most popular men in St. Charles, Minn., who owns a saloon which he has named "The Store." He is well known throughout the Northwest, and cannot be beaten as a mixer of fancy drinks. He is an all-around good fellow and sport, and is right in line for everything. His place is at Washington and White-street streets.

The Amours of a Southerner.

"A Guilty Love," No. 6, FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. A story full of excitement and pleasure. Price 50 cents, from this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet St., London, E. C.

RAN AWAY WITH MONEY.

The Girl Had the Coin and
Smith Had the Girl.

HE ALSO HAD A WIFE.

Mrs. Smith Found Them Billing and
Cooling in a Chicago Hotel.

NOW SMITH IS IN JAIL.

A stern chase is always a long chase, so the sailors say, but the recent chase of a New York wife after the husband who had eloped to Chicago with a dark-eyed beauty wasn't as long as it might have been, for within a very short time she had her man behind the bars in a Chicago jail.

Their family name was plain Smith, and they lived in Harlem in peace and happiness until last spring,

almost pulled her bloomers apart. There was only a brief struggle, for the girl with the blonde locks broke away, mounted her wheel and was off in an instant. Then for the first time in his life Mr. Smith rode home with his wife. On the way she questioned him and he told her that the girl's name was Marguerite White.

The wife and husband were not on very intimate terms after that, even though Mr. Smith promised to let blonde girls alone in the future. His wife did not take his word for it but kept a watch on him, and it wasn't long before she discovered, in some unknown way, that he was again pushing pedals with his blonde. She didn't want to see Smith torn from her arms, so to speak, without making an effort to keep him to herself, so she concluded the best thing to do was to get him out of town and away from the fascinating smiles of the blonde. She secured a position for him in the Windy City. They sold out the Harlem flat and then the cute husband sent his wife and the baby westward while he stayed behind to "attend to some business." He promised to join her in a day or two.

He didn't. At the end of a week he hadn't put in an appearance. Mrs. Smith and the baby waited a month and then they returned to New York to see what Smithy was doing with himself. It didn't take long to locate her husband, who was in a furnished flat living with his pretty blonde. They had been having the finest kind of a fine time, and had been living on the fat of the land and turning night and day into a perpetual honeymoon.

The outraged wife made another scene and it was the hottest thing which has happened in Harlem for some time. It was so hot that Smith and the girl packed up a couple of grips in a great hurry and "flew the coop," leaving Mrs. Smith and the baby in charge of the wreck.

She didn't propose to lose Smith after all her troubles, so she hired a detective to hunt him up or run him down. The sleuth, after a couple of weeks, located him and his girl in Chicago. Then Mrs. Smith took the first train for that city and pounced down upon the lovers for the third time. She had an officer and a warrant with her, and Mr. Smith was promptly arrested and thrown into a dungeon.

The next day the Chicago papers had the following little item:

Arrayed in fashionable clothes and bedecked with diamonds, George Smith slept in a cell last night, charged with the abandonment of his wife and daughter in New York city. He is also accused of eloping with a twenty-two-year-old heiress.

Smith, who is about twenty-seven years old, is a book-keeper, and is well known to railroad men throughout the East. Four years ago he was married, and until recently lived with his wife and child in New York city. He says home life was not pleasant, and about a year ago he became acquainted with the heiress. The latter was heiress to a considerable sum of money through the death of her parents.

After a quarrel with her sister, the girl proposed to him to elope. He agreed, and she drew \$2,000 from the bank, and together they went to Chicago.

They secured rooms and lived there until one night recently, when Mrs. Smith caused their arrest. Smith's last instructions to the heiress were that she should have nothing to do with her sister.

Smith possessed fourteen pairs of shoes and a dozen pairs of trousers.

"My feet are so tender," he explained, "and my girl has so much money."

"I've got the hoodle, and I'll get off all right."

JOHN D. BLAKE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. Blake sends to the office of the GAZETTE a copy of the Thanksgiving bill of fare at the fort, thinking that the readers of this paper would be interested, not only in the menu, but in the accompanying illustrations. Unfortunately there is not space enough for the bill of fare, which is a most excellent and artistic piece of work. Mr. Blake writes:

"This was our first Thanksgiving day in this garrison, having only been here a month from Idaho. We are getting gradually used to civilization again and the boys are happy here except perhaps some regrets for the girl they left behind."

"At any time if I can be of any use to you in sending any items regarding Fort Sheridan and the 'Fighting Fourth,' you have only to command me and I will comply with very much pleasure."

"Your paper is taken here among a great many of our fellows and is, I can assure you, highly appreciated."

"Wishing you the compliments of the season, very respectfully,
JOHN D. BLAKE,
Company C, Fourth Infantry."

TRIED TO STEAL HIS GIRL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There are two soldiers at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md., who tried to play a practical joke a short time ago, but it didn't turn out as they expected, and now the laugh is on them.

They found a comrade walking along with a pretty widow and they thought it would be a good joke to kidnap her. They tried it. But the man who had the woman punched holes in both of them. Then they were arrested.

They will not do it again.

TRIED TO BLIND THE POLICEMAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

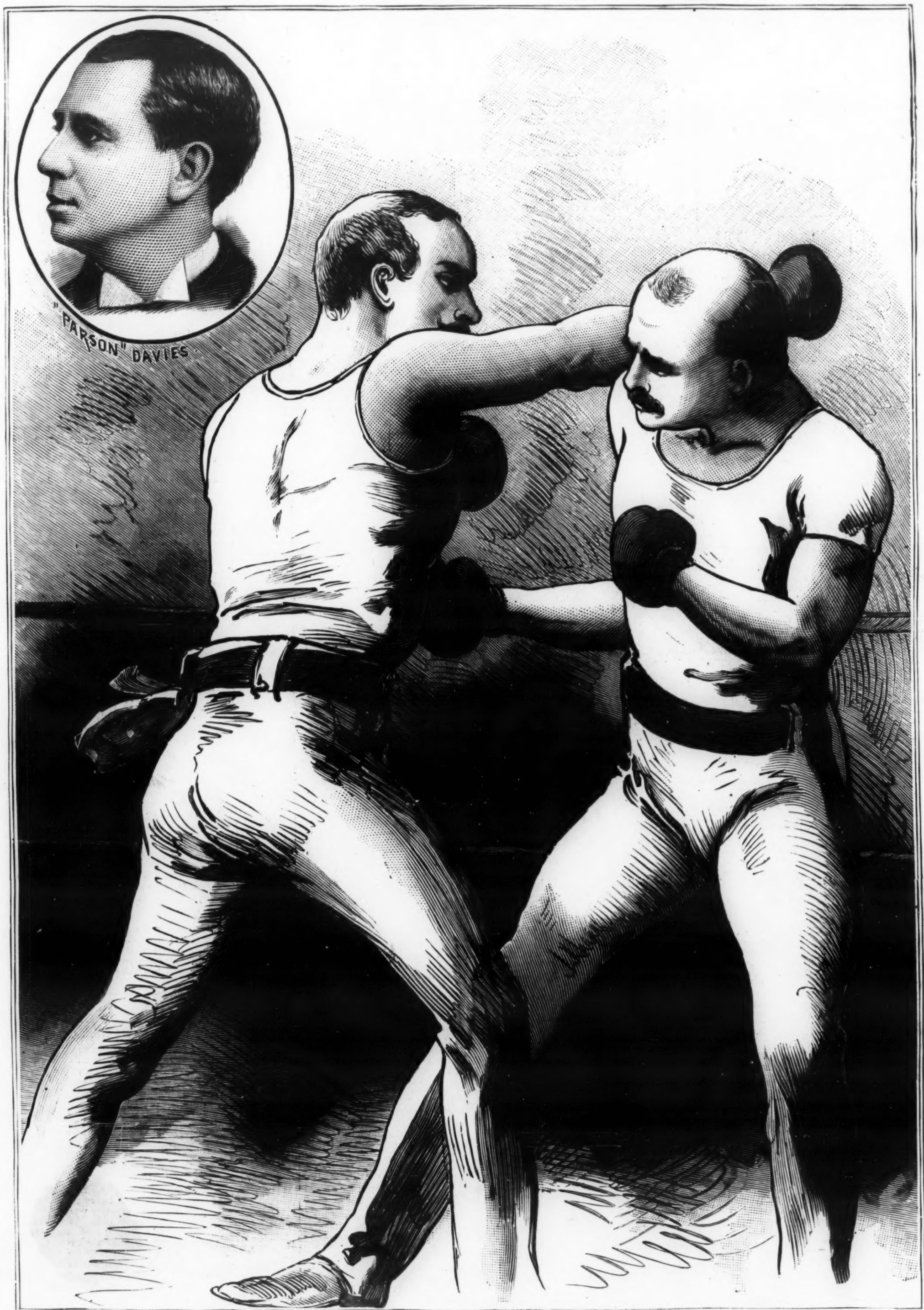
A well-known policeman of Los Angeles, Cal., came near losing his sight the other night when he tried to arrest one of the fastest girls in the town. She had been out drinking and having a good time generally, and she was navigating along the street whooping things up when she was stopped by the officer, who placed her under arrest. In a moment she had whipped out a hat-pin and made a lunge for the policeman's face. The weapon stuck in his cheek.

After she was locked up in a cell she remarked:

"I would have given \$100 to have stuck that copper in the eye."

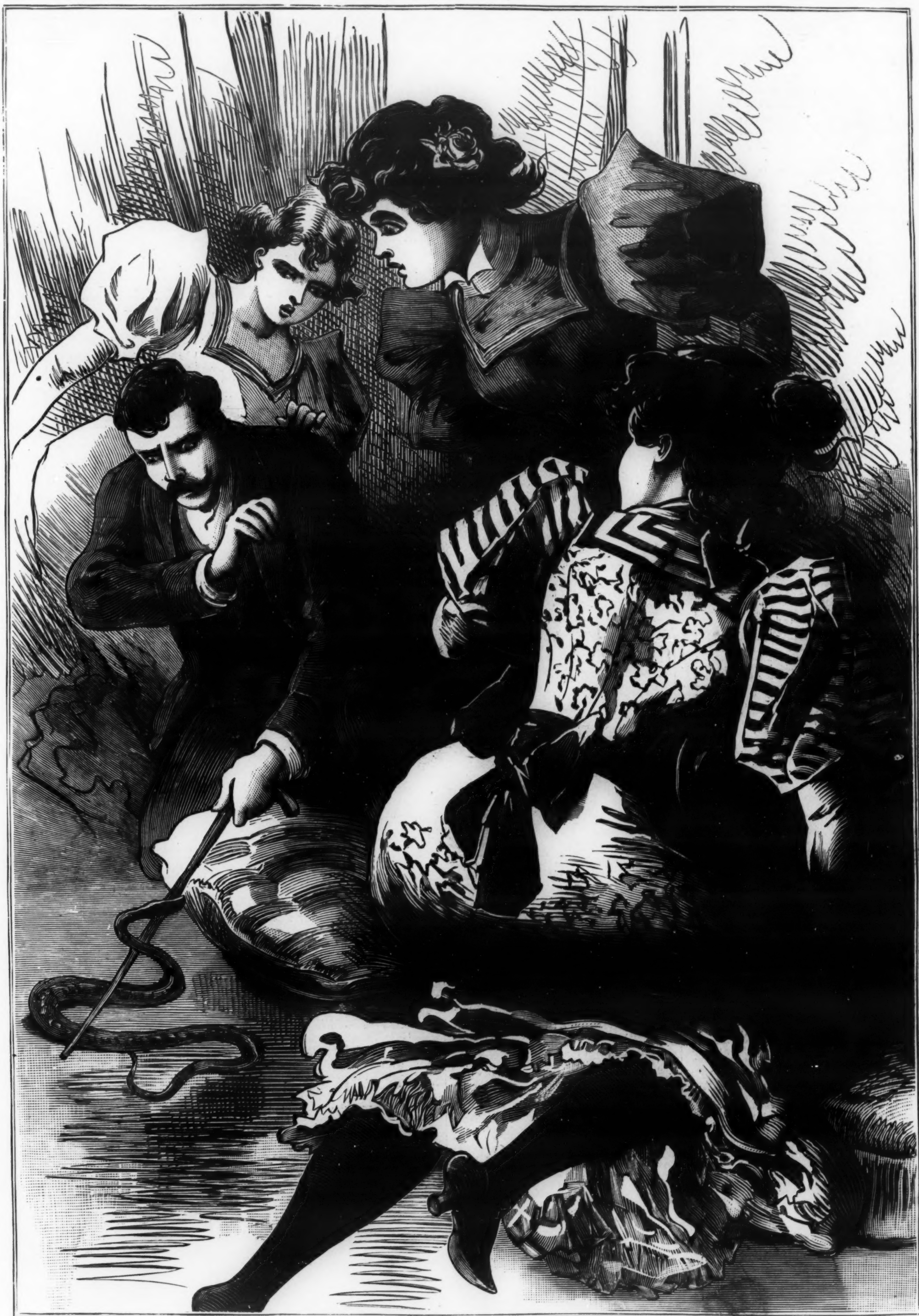
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VETERANS IN THE RING AGAIN.

JEM MACE AND MIKE DONOVAN DISPLAY THEIR FISTIC ACCOMPLISHMENTS BEFORE THE YOUNGER GENERATION OF BOXING CRITICS.



THERE WAS A SNAKE AT THIS PARTY.

A PRACTICAL JOKER INTRODUCES A GOOD-SIZED REPTILE AT A JACKSONVILLE, FLA., DANCE, AND THE FRIGHTENED WOMEN FLY FOR SAFETY.

AUSTIN'S FISTIC BUDGET.

Aftermath of the San Francisco Fistic Steal.

MURPHY'S LITTLE YARN.

Stuart Comes East to Sign Corbett and Fitzsimmons.

KELLY'S FIGHTING STOCK GOING UP.

The aftermath of the recent 'fistic event' in San Francisco bids fair to be more instructive and entertaining than the "event" itself. Sensational developments have been following each other in such rapid succession that it is difficult indeed to tell "where we are at." Fitzsimmons, of course, is under suspicion of attempting to win the fight by a deliberate foul blow, to which unpleasant reflection on his gladiatorial honor men who know him are now adding the accusation that he privately bet \$5,000 that Sharkey would withstand his attack for six rounds at least. The other pugilist, for his part, is charged with feigning a knockout and with producing by the aid of a mustard plaster the injury in his groin which he based his claim of a foul. The referee—a gentleman said to be ever ready to defend his untarnished honor at the pistol's point—is openly charged with selling out the match, and is now being sought by the police for the offences of carrying concealed weapons and contempt of court. A certain "Smith," known to the "fancy" as Australian Billy to distinguish him from "Mysterious Billy" and "Tarantula Billy," who also rejected the surname of Smith, makes an open declaration under oath—presumably knowing whereof he speaks—accusing Sharkey, Lynch, his backer, and Groom and Gibbs, the projectors of the affair, with concocting a conspiracy to defraud Fitzsimmons, the sequence of events in the ring being prearranged with the cognizance of Wyatt Earp, who, in the parlance of the frontier, was the man selected to "turn the trick."

That a trick was turned all right, nobody pretends now to disbelieve, but whether it all happened in accordance with Antipodean Willie's story cannot be vouched for. Willie's reputation for veracity would not stand the acid test. Those who have had dealings with him are averse to calling him a lying scoundrel, but they do aver that he handles the truth very carelessly, and that his utterances may be gated upon the basis of personal valuation.

My opinion is that much of his tale is based upon surmise with a connecting thread of immaterial fact showing here and there. In the first place my personal acquaintance with Mr. Lynch, who is a shrewd, careful, calculating individual, justifies my opinion that he would not handle an affair of such import so carelessly that a "rubber" could get "next" by accident, to say nothing of taking him into his confidence. It is doubtful if he would tell Sharkey himself just how the thing was to be done long enough in advance to permit a leak in that quarter.

It is in connection with the events which transpired after Sharkey was carried from the ring that Australian Billy's tale begins to grow significant. Lynch is criticized for refusing to allow the doctors to examine Sharkey before an hour had elapsed from the time the alleged foul blow was struck, excluding reputable people, newspaper men and others from the room while yet there was a chance to see whether an injury had been inflicted, and before the eventful moment when Smith insists that Sharkey was intentionally hurt to give a semblance of truth to the story that he had been "fouled." In his statements appertaining to these circumstances there is plenty of opportunity for corroboration, and Bottle-holder Allen, who like Smith has a grievance against the Sharkey crowd, appears at this juncture with the corroboratory story.

Mr. Wyatt Earp, who in the early days of his sensational career was always ready to pull and shoot at the slightest suggestion of a reflection upon his honor, seems to have had a bad attack of "cold feet," judging from the apathy which characterizes his attitude toward the gentlemen who have been foremost in denouncing him for having perpetrated a crime unparalleled in the history of the ring. After reading of Mr. Earp's career in Tombstone, Ariz., and other frontier settlements, punctuated as it was by occasional episodes in which he figured as a killer, I saw visions of Montgomery street, in the California metropolis, strewn with the dead and dying victims of his wrath, but up to date nothing more sensational has happened than having surrendered his "howitzer" at the cooling request of the chief of police, who apprehended that it might go off by accident in his pocket, doing him personal injury.

In Australian Willie's picturesque narrative Mr. Earp figures as the bold, bad man who had been bribed by the promise of \$5,500 to do the job.

I am a little afraid there is too much detail in McCarthy's story to make it real. He has colored it too highly with facts that were impossible for him to have got possession of, but he has let his fancy run riot, and to give a semblance of reality to his tale has invented the embellishments. He admits that his enmity toward Lynch and Sharkey is inspired by a grievance, and he is actuated by a desire to get square, a significant circumstance which should be well considered before his story is given its true import.

The name of Earp has become a synonym for everything of a crooked nature in connection with the ring. Whatever may be thought of his decision in the West, the East has but one opinion regarding it, and that is that Fitz was robbed. Very many sporting men are of the opinion that if Sharkey had stayed the ten rounds he would have gotten the decision on points, and the belief that he would have gotten it in any event is almost unanimous.

Some go so far as to say that Earp decided against Fitz on a foul when he did simply because he saw that Sharkey was done and could go no further. Under these circumstances his only chance to save Sharkey and the money bet upon him was to decide the knockout blow foul and disqualify Fitz. There is no doubt but that a ton of money was bet upon the result of the battle, and the fact that little if any of it was "put down" on Sharkey until the referee was appointed emphasizes the belief that a job was being cooked up and that the Arizona gun fighter was the keystone of the trick.

Earp's connection with the turf in the West has not been particularly successful. He is known to be under deep obligations to certain people who are prominent in San Francisco racing affairs, and it is mooted about that he agreed to referee the fight at his earnest solicitation. It is an established fact that it was the Californian racing contingent which supplied all the money bet on Sharkey in the local pool rooms, while Fitzsimmons' backing came from Riley Grannan and the rest of the Eastern "push."

"Trim the suckers" was the word passed down the line, and they were "trimmed" to order with a brass band playing the accompaniment to a merry ha-ha.

The result of the late fracas in San Francisco has excited a serious controversy in sporting circles regarding the payment of bets made upon the result. The opinion prevails that a referee's decision is final, and that the settlement of all wagers is determined by whatever that decision may be. That the rule does not apply in all cases is proven in several instances when, after decisions have been rendered, the managers of the clubs before which the contests were fought by vote changed the verdict by declaring the affair "no contest" and "all bets off."

But that is another story, as Rudyard Kipling would say. Many differences of opinion have arisen over Earp's decision. One well-

known gentleman, Parson Davies in fact, takes the stand that if the referee is proved a conspirator he has never been a referee, and his verdict should have no bearing upon the disposition of the purse and side money, inasmuch that his decision was prearranged and consequently dishonest and unfair. I take issue with the "Parson" with the simple argument that Fitz had been forewarned of the scheme, and his acquiescence to the club's choice became a tacit acknowledgment of his belief in Earp's honesty. Having accepted him to act as referee, he had no other alternative than to abide by his verdict, unless the club chose to reverse the decision, as in the case referred to, and make the amends honorable by declaring it "no contest," which is, in all intents and purposes, a "draw."

Fitzsimmons cannot hope for any redress from the courts, and in fact I am surprised that any judicial consideration has been given to the case at all. It will ultimately transpire that a prize was contended for, making the contest, in the eyes of the law, a prize fight, and the illegality of the whole affair will cause it to be thrown out of court.

Bets on the knock-out and other features of the contest have also occasioned much discussion. I hold that Sharkey was knocked out. This fact has been determined, not by the actual circumstance of the referee or timekeeper counting him out, but by the fact of his having been on the ground a longer period of time than the prescribed ten seconds, and by the fact that he was yet insensible when he was taken to his corner.

The referee's decision declaring Sharkey the winner cannot overcome the fact that Fitzsimmons knocked him out.

Bets that Sharkey would stay eight, nine or ten rounds I shall also decide in the negative. He was knocked out before the expiration of the eighth round, and was not able to fight the other two. That he was or was not hit a foul blow does not enter into the discussion; the bald fact remains that he was down over ten seconds, and unable to continue.

Unless Sammy Kelly fills in the gap, Jimmy Barry will have some difficulty in getting anything to do in the East. He has forced Johnny Murphy into retirement, and the indications are that he will have to go out of his class to get on a match. Kelly, who is "carded" to box Billy Plimmer before the Olympic Club of Birmingham, sailed from England on the steamship Paris last Saturday. His "affair" with the "Bum" bantam does not come off until March 2, and as he only requires four weeks preparation, he was advised to come back and take the Chicago lad on as a side issue rather than loaf around London doing nothing. Kelly was never estimated at his proper worth in this country until he was selected to go against Plimmer, but now the local matchmakers are scrambling for his services. It remained for the English critics to



Wyatt Earp, Who Decided that Sharkey Won on a Foul.

put a value upon him. They have some keen judges of affairs pugilistic over there.

Barry and Kelly ought to make a slap-bang fight for twenty rounds. So far as cleverness is concerned there is little to choose between them; both are heady and possess the other qualities which entitle men to be placed in the front rank of pugilism. Some of the New York clubs will bid high for this bout.

Dan Stuart's appearance in New York indicates the probability that something will be done in the near future towards bringing Fitzsimmons and Corbett together. The big Texan loomed up in the metropolis one day last week, a living refutation of the widely circulated story that he was so dangerously ill at his home in Dallas that his life was despaired of.

"I feel sure of bringing Corbett and Fitzsimmons together for a finish fight. If I had any doubt of success I would not waste my time, but if I shall fail the sporting public will know which of the pugilists has shown the white feather, for I mean business to the extent of a \$15,000 purse, which I am ready to put up the moment the two men sign articles of agreement."

"In my pugilistic plans my face is toward the West, but the West covers a vast amount of territory outside of California and the United States also, for that matter, he said, significantly. I have a place picked out for Corbett and Fitzsimmons to fight to a finish without official interference. If they sign and I fail to furnish a battle ground then they can divide the \$15,000 between them."

But, judging from Stuart's talk, he hasn't the remotest notion of Corbett and Fitzsimmons splitting his fifteen thousand without making a show. Stuart is a very tactful man and keeps his own counsel, but his easy air of confidence when he told me there would not be a hitch in a single detail this time satisfies me that he has gathered in all the doubtful cards and is willing to stand pat. Whether it is in Mexico or No Man's Land, Stuart has a battle ground, and it has grown to be the aim and ambition of his life to put Corbett and the Australian in the ring together. He has already got Fitzsimmons' assurance that he will fight for the purse, and an engagement with Corbett which is now pending will determine just what the result of the negotiations will amount to.

SAM AUSTIN.

It was rumored that the Empire Athletic Club, at Mass-peth, will never open its doors again, but it is denied. The club, however, will take about one more chance; \$1,800 was lost on the late Ryan and Smith fight.

Professional and Amateur

Record every branch of sport. See the "Police Gazette" Sporting Annual for 1897, ready Jan. 1. Price, 25 cents, all new dealers. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York. 148 Fleet St., London, E. C.

IN PUGILISTICA'S REALM.

Events of Passing Interest That Merit Criticism.

MIKE LEONARD THE WINNER

Talk of a Match Between Eddie Connelly and Dick Burge.

DAVIES' CONFIDENCE IN CHOYNSKI.

Paddy Partell has announced his willingness to box Tommy Ryan in the East at 150 pounds.

Johnny Murphy of Boston is instructing the students at Columbia College in the art of boxing.

Jack Everhardt and Billy Ernst have been matched to box before a New York club on Dec. 19.

Paddy Smith, a brother of "Denver Ed," is matched to meet Billy Duke, of Baltimore, before the Pastime A. C., of Savannah, Ga.

Eddie Pierce, who before his defeat by George Dixon, was looked upon to be almost invincible, says he will box any 125-pounder.

Another bout which has been arranged to be decided at the New Manhattan Athletic Club, of Troy, on Dec. 22, is a 10-round contest between Larry Burns, of Cohoes, who recently defeated

let Connelly weigh what he pleases, provided the latter will weigh 250 on the result.

Paddy Partell says there is no necessity for Tommy Ryan going to California for a match, as he has a forfeit posted to meet any 150-pound man in the world, Ryan preferred.

Frank McLain, the "Cuban Wonder," is anxious to get back into the boxing business again, and wants to meet Joe Walcott or Scully Bill Quinn a limited-round or finish fight.

England has nothing to brag of so far as middle-heavyweight boxers go. The mother country is in hard luck in this respect. Even her lightweights are likely to be relegated to the back ground.

It is proposed by Joe Vendig to start another big boxing club in New York in opposition to the Broadway Athletic Club. He has looked over the Tattersall Building, and has made an offer to the owners for a lease.

Fred Johnson, of England, has been matched to box Fred Jordan twenty rounds before the National Sporting Club, London, early in February next. The contest will be for £200 a side and a purse, at 119 pounds.

The finishing touches have been put to the articles of agreement for the Lavigne-McKeever fight at the Marlborough Club. The contest will occur on Dec. 23 for a purse of \$3,500. Each party posted a \$500 forfeit.

Frank Erne's next opponent may be Kid McPartland. It is said that before the Buffalo boy's match with Dixon he faithfully promised to meet McPartland whether he won or lost. McPartland is anxious to wager \$1,000 on the outside.

In a prize fight fought in a secluded place in Minneapolis, on Dec. 5, between Pat Connelly and John Cassidy, the former knocked Cassidy senseless in the third round. There is said to be danger that he will die from the effects of the blow.

Jim Corbett, in speaking about Young Corbett, of San Francisco, says that the latter could not knock out Jack McAuliffe or anyone else in ten rounds. Corbett says he thinks Young Corbett is the best 140-pound boxer in the world, barring Joe Walcott and Kid Lavigne.

Another effort has been made to induce Fedlar Palmer to come to this country and meet George Dixon. Palmer is willing, but says that he is matched to box Ernie Stanton before the National Sporting Club in January next. If successful in that fight, he may leave for this side of the water in February.

Solly Smith is tired of remaining idle and wants to get something to do. Since his return from the other side he has been deluged with offers from clubs to meet several featherweights of minor reputation, but he has been compelled to decline. Solly says he will leave no stone unturned to get on a match with George Dixon.

Something new in the line of hero-worship comes from Chicago. A brassy football player named Herschberger gave the winning punt for his university on Thanksgiving Day. His fellow students and admirers had a plaster cast of the mighty right leg made and placed in a conspicuous place in the hall of the Chicago University.

Parson Davies asked Corbett this question at a recent meeting: "How is it, Jim, that Fitz says he will meet both you and Sharkey in the same ring on the same day?" The big pugilist looked nettled for a moment, then burst into a loud laugh. "Don't you believe it!" he exclaimed. "Fitz is too sensible to make a crack like that!"

Jack Everhardt, who recently defeated Billy Ernst in twenty rounds at Albany, has asked Charley Myers, matchmaker of the Myers Athletic Club, of Albany, to offer a purse for a 20-round bout between himself and the winner of the go between Kid McPartland and Owen Zeigler, of Philadelphia, which takes place at the Marlborough A. C., on Dec. 16.

The Brooklyn Bridge Athletic Club boxing show was signalized by a knock-out administered by Mike Leonard. The victim was Stanton Abbott, who went down before a fierce swing in the third round and failed to come to time. The bout between Joe Burke and Maurice Hagerstrom was equally brief. Burke felled his man twice in the third round, and the police interfered. The rivals consented to call it a draw.

The great revival of interest in scientific boxing, which is now viewed with favor by Dr. Parkhurst and Commissioner Roosevelt, has induced F. P. Proctor to engage Jim Mace, ex-champion of the world, to appear at the Pleasure Palace, New York city, Christmas week. Dan Creedon will probably be selected to assist him in an exposition of the manly art, and it will be a polite exhibition for scientific points only.

Jerome Quigley, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Charley Johnson, of Minneapolis, boxed six lively rounds at the Tuxedo Athletic Club, Philadelphia, last Saturday night, and Johnson got the decision. During the first two rounds Quigley seemed to have everything his own way, in spite of the fact that Johnson had the advantage of a few pounds in weight. After that, however, Johnson went for the Quaker's stomach and by repeated jabbing won about as he pleased.

Yank Kenny, the pugilist, was remanded to the work-house to serve 120 days for brutally assaulting two newspaper men at Toledo, O., the other day. Kenny is the heavyweight pugilist who a year or more ago wanted a go with Tim Scanlan, but had no money to show. He was at one time the amateur heavyweight of Detroit. He resembles James Corbett a great deal in features. He was bested by Tommy Ryan in three rounds in 1894, and last March was beaten at Cleveland by Henry Baker in one round.

Mysterious Billy Smith, of Boston, and Jimmy Ryan, the welterweight champion of Australia, who recently fought a draw with Tom Tracey in San Francisco, have been matched by Bob Anderson to meet in a 20-round contest at the Marlborough A. C., on Dec. 25. They meet in a 20-round contest at catchweights. If Ryan is as good a man as Sam Fitzpatrick says he is he ought to give Smith a good, stiff argument. Smith, however, will try hard to win, as a victory to him means a great deal, for it will give him a chance to meet Tommy Ryan again.

SULLIVAN GETTING WELL AGAIN.

Among the celebrities at the Mace-Donovan affair in New York the other night was John L. Sullivan. The big fellow is a very much changed man since his late several weeks' illness. His hair has become very gray, but his mutton-chop whiskers have made the change most noticeable. While it is not a new thing for the big fellow to sport such whiskers, yet it is the first time his friends in New York have seen him with them on. His sore hand, and not his looks, however, is bothering Sullivan at the present time. Although it is getting better, still he worries a great deal about it, and he has felt so badly at times that he has cried. He has been flooded with letters from all over the world, having on an average fifty letters a day.

AUSTRALIAN FISTIC NEWS.

The following Australian sporting advices have been received by way of Vancouver, B. C.:

Bill Jennings and Owen Daly met in what was to be a 15-round bout at Victoria Hall, Melbourne, on Oct. 26. Daly quit in the second round.

Percy Robinson, the lightweight boxer, while engaged in a sporting match at Tatura, N. Z., Oct. 23, was seized with a fit and died shortly afterward.

Jack McGown and Tom Hope, featherweights, met Nov. 3 at Victoria Hall for a 20-round go. At the end of the tenth round Hope's seconds, seeing that their man had no chance of winning, threw up the sponge.

At Victoria Hall, Melbourne, on Nov. 1, Peter Felix, the colored heavy weight, and Dan Keller met in a 15-round contest. After fighting six rounds Keller sustained an injury to his hand, which compelled him to retire. Felix was awarded the fight and is now virtually heavy weight champion of Australia.

Fighters-- Their Careers.

In the Prize Ring. Stirring stories of battles for fistic supremacy. Life of John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Dempsey. Price 25 cents each. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York. 148 Fleet street, London, E. C.

Sam Bolen, and George McFadden, of New York city. They will meet at 150 pounds.

Billy Smith is going to Johannesburg, South Africa. He is now in Boston and feels that there is little chance for him in America.

Parson Davies has posted \$1,000 to match Joe Choyinski against Sharkey, Maher or Fitzsimmons in either a limited-round bout or to a finish.

Joe Burke of South Brooklyn, and Maurice Hagerstrom of Providence, have been matched to fight to a finish in private, for a stake of \$200 a side.

Boxing is bracing up in Cincinnati. A new club, called the Manhattan, has just been organized, and the first meeting will be held early this month.

Kid McCoy's next battle will be with Billy Doherty, at Johannesburg, South Africa, on Dec. 23. A purse of \$5,000 has been offered for the battle.

Harry Pigeon, of Canada, who used to be Tommy Ryan's trainer, has returned to New York from the West. Pigeon wants a match with any 133 pounder.

There is some prospect of a match being made between Dan Creedon and Frank Craig, the "Harlem Coffee Cooler," to take place in San Francisco in January.

It is reported that Alexander Greggains refuses to box Dan Creedon and that the proposed match between them in San Francisco has probably fallen through.

"Billy Bluff, of Chicago, has been matched to box Fred Morris, Muldoon's Cyclone, before the Moutauk Athletic Club, Corona, L. I., on Dec. 20, for twenty rounds.

Jimmy Handler, of Newark, N. J., who has been under the weather for some time, is about again right and is anxious to box any man in the business in his class.

Billy Whistler, of Baltimore, who made such a good showing against Joe Bernstein, has been matched to box Tommy Dixon ten rounds in New York on Dec. 23.

Tommy White has an unknown who is coming from Chicago, whom he is anxious to find a good opponent for. Tommy's man scales 115 pounds and is reputed to be clever.

The match between Bob Armstrong and Charley Strong, the two negro heavyweights, will be decided in New York on Dec. 21. The pair will box 20 rounds at catch weights.

There is some talk in British sporting circles of arranging a go between Eddie Connelly, who recently defeated Tom Caesar, and Dick Burge. The latter has deposited £25 to make the match at 144 pounds. Connelly objected to this. Burge then consented to

EXTRA!

SHARKEY'S TRAINER SAYS HE WASN'T FOULED.

Tells of a Conspiracy by Which Wyatt Earp Was to Receive \$2,500 for His Decision.

STARTLING EVIDENCE TAKEN IN COURT UNDER OATH.

Hiram Cook Was Found to Be "On the Level" and It Was Decided That He Wouldn't Do.

THE ARIZONA GUN FIGHTER FILLED THE BILL TO A NICETY.

When Bob Fitzsimmons made the positive declaration that the result of his late battle with Tom Sharkey was a prearranged affair and that he would bring into court evidence calculated to prove the truth of his allegation, nobody regarded it as anything but the argument of a man who, angered at the unexpected turn of affairs, was prepared to say or do anything that would have a tendency to overcome the belief that he had committed the alleged foul which brought the contest to a culminating point. Recent developments, however, tend to show that there was more truth than fiction in his words, and evidence taken in court under oath is sufficiently corroborative to prove collusion and conspiracy between Referee Wyatt Earp, Sharkey, Lynch, his manager, Groom and Gibbs, who control the National Club, under whose auspices the affair was held.

The injunction case to restrain the Anglo-Californian Bank from paying over to Sharkey the purse of \$10,000 which was represented by a check drawn on that institution, was begun in San Francisco on Dec. 9, and furnished a bona-fide sensation. It had been rumored about that Australian Billy Smith and George Allen, who helped to train Sharkey, had made confessions to Fitzsimmons' attorney implicating Sharkey and several others in a plot to win the recent fight by fraud. The story was not generally believed, however, until Colonel Kowalsky, attorney for Fitzsimmons, entered Judge Sander's court, followed by Smith and Allen. General Barnes was on hand to watch the case for Lynch and Sharkey.

Kowalsky called Smith to the stand. He explained that the reason he wanted to have the depositions of his witnesses taken was that they were liable to leave the city and to remain away a long while. Smith's evidence was as follows:

"My name is William G. Smith; I am a blacksmith by trade. I sometimes box and train other boxers for a living. I have only known Wyatt Earp since last Wednesday. I trained Sharkey for his recent fight. I have had several conversations with him. Our first conversation was about three weeks before the fight. We were walking through Golden Gate Park. He asked me to name some men able to fill the position of referee. I mentioned Hiram Cook. Sharkey spoke to Lynch about Hiram Cook, and Lynch referred to me again. He asked me if I knew Cook well enough to talk business with him. I said no.

"Lynch then said he would call on Cook, who holds some position at the City Hall. When Lynch returned he said: 'Hiram Cook won't do.' Sharkey told me subsequently why Lynch didn't like Hiram Cook for referee. He said Lynch had put a case to Cook as follows: 'Supposing your brother and a Chinaman were to fight, and the Chinaman was getting the best of it, how would you decide it?' Cook replied: 'If the Chinaman had the best of it, I would decide in his favor.' Lynch told Sharkey that he didn't want any of Cook's kind of refereeing.

"On another occasion Sharkey told me that the National Club consisted of Lynch, Gibbs, Groom and Sharkey, and that Lynch and Sharkey were to get 20 per cent. of the gate receipts after the \$10,000 purse had been taken out. He said that Gibbs, Groom and Lynch were all broke, and that he, personally, had to put up \$2,500 apiece to himself and Fitzsimmons as appearance money, so as to conform with the article.

"At another time he said Lynch knew a race-horse man named Wyatt Earp, and that if he could be got for referee it would be all right. He said the job would be worth \$2,500 to the referee, and that the plan decided upon by Lynch and himself was to object to every man named for referee until the time came for the club to step in and make the selection; then the club would select the man that Sharkey and Lynch wanted.

"I had a conversation with Sharkey at 10 o'clock on the day of the fight. He said: 'We have the referee we wanted. It is Earp, and he will suit. I am to win on a foul in the first round, and the referee is to decide in my favor. I am to watch for the first body punch that Fitz gives me, then Needham will jump in and claim the foul.'

"Sharkey told me further that I wasn't supposed to know anything about this, and above all not to let on to Lynch or Needham that I was next. He told me that I was supposed to be dead."

In speaking of the scene in the ring before the fight, Smith testified as follows:

"When Fitzsimmons insisted upon Sharkey taking the bandages off his hands Sharkey did not want to do it. I was bending down untying one of his gloves. I had just tied it on, and he was in doubt as to whether to take it off again or not. Earp came over and bent down and spoke to Sharkey. He said, 'Take the bandages off. It will be all right, anyhow.'

Smith further said that Sharkey was so dazed at the end of the second round that he did not know what round it was. He asked the second for information. Continuing he said:

"When the end of the eighth round came, I did not see the blow, but I thought Sharkey was knocked out. I ran over and picked Sharkey up and took him to his corner. Lynch came over to us shortly after and he said:

"Now, Tom, keep your hands down low and pretend to be in great pain. Tom said 'All right.' Lynch then told us to take Sharkey to his dressing-room in the pavilion. We carried him there bodily. Lynch said to us, 'Don't let a soul see him, and above all, no reporters or doctors. Don't let anyone examine him until we get to the hotel, and don't take anything off him.'

"Dr. Lustig and Gibbs knocked at the door—at least, I think it was Gibbs. They said they wanted to examine Sharkey. Lynch said: 'Damn it, I don't care; no one will examine Sharkey until we get to the hotel.' After an hour we got a hack and put Sharkey in it. He sat up in the hack all right, but when we reached the hotel we had to carry him upstairs. He did not complain of being hurt.

"Dr. D. B. Lee came. He pulled the clothing doors to and we were told to get out of the room. Allen and I went out in the hallway and we heard Sharkey begin to holler as if in great pain. Allen said to me: 'I don't like the looks of this thing and I am going to sneak. I am not going to look after that blanket-blank.' Allen went away and I stayed.

"After a while Lynch called me into the room. Lynch told me that I need not stay unless I wanted to, as a man named Madden was to look after Sharkey.

"On the Thursday night following the fight Sharkey called me to his bed. He asked me what kind of a fight he put up. I said, 'Pretty good.' He said, 'That fellow could lick Corbett in two rounds. He hits like the kick of a mule.' I slept with Sharkey that night. He told me not to bother about his fomentations for his injury, as they were not required.

"It was some time before every body left the room, but when they

all went away finally Sharkey jumped out of bed, walked over to the gas jet and lit a cigar. I saw a bottle of iodine on the washstand in Sharkey's room, but I don't know what it was used for. I am certain it was not used for his face. Sharkey once told me that Lynch got one-third out of his fight.

"Earp came up to Sharkey's room at 3 o'clock in the morning. That was a few hours after the fight. I was sitting on a chair in the outer room, and Earp mistook me for Sharkey. He said, 'Hello, Sharkey, how do you feel?' He then found his mistake and walked into the bedroom and talked with Sharkey."

The witness was then turned over to Gen. Barnes for cross-



John D. Gibbs, Manager of the Club Where Fitzsimmons and Sharkey Fought.

examination. The general asked him whether he had engaged passage on the Australian steamer. Smith said decidedly not. He said that he had told Kowalsky that he might be leaving town, and that the colonel wanted him to testify as soon as possible. "I suppose I will remain now," said Smith. "I am a citizen of this country."

He said he had no agreement with Sharkey as to remuneration for training. Trainers generally got all the way from \$100 to \$1,000. He received \$100, and he had a claim against Sharkey and Lynch for a thousand.

When asked how came he first to tell the story of the conspiracy, he replied:

"I met a friend of mine named George Harting, and I told him I considered the whole business a steal. Harting advised me to tell the truth, and under his advice I went to Kowalsky and confessed. I have not received anything in consideration of my testimony, and I such a thing was not suggested to me."

Barnes asked him why he kept quiet and allowed fifteen thousand people to be fooled and a whole lot of bettors to be robbed when Sharkey outlined the conspiracy to him. Smith's reply was: "I told Sharkey's remarks for what they were worth. I did not know whether to believe them or not. I thought it best to keep quiet, as it was none of my business."

Barnes endeavored to confuse the witness on the part of his testimony which referred to Lynch going to Sharkey's corner and telling Sharkey to keep his hands on his groin and pretend to be injured.

"Do you not know," said Barnes, "that Lynch was up on a kind of a loft, holding the watch for Sharkey, and could not have got down?"

"I know that he could and did get down in very short order," said Smith, "and that he said the words to Sharkey just exactly as I have sworn to them. If possible I am surer of that than of anything else I have testified."

Before the excitement occasioned by Smith's testimony had cooled off, Dan Lynch, Sharkey's manager, came out with a card asking the public to suspend judgment until he had a chance to prove that the trainer had been unduly influenced by the Fitzsimmons crowd, and had been hired to perjure himself. If a confirmation of Smith's story was lacking, public sentiment might have been

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in Sharkey's favor, but unfortunately the trainer's story was corroborated by George Allen, who was also an aid in Sharkey's camp and one of the latter's handlers in the ring on the eventful night of the fight. Allen's story was a confirmation in almost every detail of what Smith had testified.

He did not declare, however, that Sharkey was awarded the decision and the \$10,000 check as a result of a conspiracy entered into before the fight. Of this alleged plot he knew nothing, not being in the confidence of the sailor and his managers.

But as to the events after the fight his story tallied with that of Smith.

When Allen's name was called "a young man with a husky voice and an English accent walked to the witness chair. He said he had been an assistant trainer to Sharkey, walking with him and rubbing him down."

"Were you in Sharkey's confidence?" asked Attorney Freidenreich for the plaintiff.

"I was not."

"Did you see the eighth round?"

"I did. I saw Sharkey fall, completely knocked out. I jumped into the ring and waved a towel over my head. Then Danny Needham jumped in, and they pulled me down. A policeman interfered, too."

"Did you see the blow that felled Sharkey?"

"I did. In the eighth round, just as the close, Fitzsimmons feinted a couple of times, and then Sharkey seemed to try to land a blow, but fell short. Just then Fitz came down on Sharkey with what we call a 'left shift.' Sharkey commenced to fall and as he did so Fitz swung his left and gave him an uppercut somewhere here," pointing to his chin.

"Why did you throw the towel up?"

"I thought Sharkey was beaten; I acknowledged defeat."

"Was it not your business to watch every blow in the fight, and did you watch all the blows that night?"

"I did."

"And yet you claimed to foul?"

"Because I didn't see any foul. I saw Sharkey knocked out. That was all. We took Sharkey to his corner. Lynch came over and told us to carry him to his dressing room. Sharkey appeared to be groaning and limp. At the dressing room we laid Sharkey down and Smith went to loosen Sharkey's strap. Lynch called out, 'Let that alone until we get him down to the hotel.' Then Smith let go. Sharkey said: 'Get me some water, George.' I did so. Sharkey had his hand on his groin, and when I got the water I threw it over him."

"How was his groin?"

"To be candid, it looked the same as usual. I had seen him every day. There was no change in his appearance."

"Was there any attempt made to enter the room?"

"Yes, a knock came to the door and some one called out; I think

POINTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS

Information for the Curious Ones Who Want To Know.

QUERIES CONCERNING SPORT

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DECISIONS WHICH SETTLE WAGERS.

W. W., Youngstown, O.—B wins.
M. E. P., Buffalo, N. Y.—C wins.
S. M., Wichita, Kan.—John Jones.
J. M. S., Lebanon, N. H.—A wins.
E. B. R., Grafton, N. Va.—B wins.
C. H. B., Rushford, N. Y.—A wins.
EUREKA, Wallingford, Conn.—Yes.
R. J. J., Rock Island, Ill.—A wins.
A. L., Andros, Hageland—A wins.
D. B., Memphis, Tenn.—Thirty-nine.
J. H. G., Philadelphia, Pa.—A wins.
M. H. S., Meriden, Conn.—You cannot.
J. A. B., North Adams, Mass.—B wins.
F. J. P., Lancaster, Pa.—It is a draw.
D. V. E. J., Heckschocker, Pa.—Yes.
C. M. R., Jackson, Mich.—It is a draw.
G. R. W., Eaton, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Yes.
THE BOUQUET, Lynchburg, Va.—B wins.
B. R., New Orleans, La.—Dickinson wins.
W. B. McC., Temperanceville, O.—B wins.
W. H., Ironton, O.—His plurality was 51,000.
G. S., St. Louis, Mo.—He did not break his arm.
T. & S., Guthrie, O. T.—Yes—to both questions.
C. G., Mancoske, Mich.—1. Sept. 7, 1892. 2. No.
S. B., Pine Bluff, Ark.—You are right. It was \$40,000.
Louisville, Ky.—A wins as soon as he turns back.
H. L., Moline.—Three draws and two victories for Ryan.
W. B. W., Knoxville, Tenn.—McKinley carries Kentucky.
CONSTANT READER, Columbus, O.—Hiram Cook. No contest.
G. W. E., Louisville, Ky.—Bets made in favor of McKinley win.
H. R. MacG., Staten Island.—His record has not been compiled.
J. G. P., Cheyenne, Wyo.—1. M wins. 2. Take the highest of each.

R. R. J., Council Bluffs, Ia.—Low goes to the player who takes it in.

READER, Newark.—At Chantilly, France; 39 rounds. It was a draw.

W. T. C., Clayville, N. Y.—Maher won in six rounds. The bet a draw.

H. P. D., Hoboken, N. J.—Never saw him do it and doubt his ability.

W. H. B., Baltimore, Md.—Read the advertising columns of the POLICE GAZETTE.

S. S. B., Temple, Tex.—1. Long distance running, boxing and wrestling. 2. Yes.

J. C., Brooklyn.—It was a draw. There was no agreement. Nor was any money paid.

L. B., Jefferson, Wis.—If the articles of agreement called for best two out of three, Rab wins.

T. O. McD., Brown City, Mich.—The tabulated statement of full returns has not been made up yet.

L. J. T., Memphis, Tenn.—They fought once. Fitzsimmons won in thirteen rounds at New Orleans.

J. W. K., Gladstone, Ia.—One hundred and thirty-three yards, one foot, seven and one-half inches.

BURNSEY, Jamestown, N. Y.—Billy Plimmer outpunched him at Madison Square Garden. George Wright, in Boston, on a foul.

E. F., Appleton, Wis.—What nationality is Bob Fitzsimmons, also his parents?He is an Englishman. His parents also, we believe.

H. H., Wickes, Mont.—When does a player "lose de bones?" Is it when he "shoots craps," or when he misses a point?When he misses a point.

P. N., Jeannette, Pa.—Please state the correct time it took Harry Hutchins to run 300 yards? Also if the speculators at the Stock Exchange on Wall street are considered gamblers?1. Thirty seconds. 2. No.

E. W. H., Brooklyn.—A bet B that the tariff on imports to this country is higher now than it was in 1881. Who wins?The average is higher.

A. W. M., Bentonville, Ark.—Please inform me as to the result in Kentucky. Since Bryan secured one electoral vote who carried the State?McKinley wins.

S. F. H., Baltimore, Md.—Please inform me if Bob Fitzsimmons' photograph appeared in any paper before his fight with Jack Dempsey?In the POLICE GAZETTE.

R. G. K., Cleveland, O.—How many rounds did Maher and Fitzsimmons fight the first time they met, and where did it take place?Twelve rounds, at New Orleans.

S. A., Pleasant Hill, Mo.—What was the greatest number of rounds ever fought between Sullivan and Kilrain?Seventy-five rounds, Richburg, Miss., July 8, 1889.

READER.—Will you please let me have book numbers of your paper describing in rounds the Heenan and Sayers contest or any other of Heenan's fights?They are out of print.

B. B. S., Ithaca, N. Y.—A bet B that Ryan knocks Smith out in ten rounds. The decision being given to Ryan in the ninth round on a foul, who wins the money?He didn't knock him out if the technical wording of the bet was as you state.

A. H., New York.—Who is the featherweight champion, Dixon or Errol?The title is in dispute. Errol got decision over Dixon on points. Dixon won his title in a five-fight contest and must be decisively beaten to lose it. When Plimmer outpunched him in four rounds he was not credited with winning Dixon's championship title.

CONSTANT READER, Bay City, Mich.—A bet B \$500 to \$100 that McKinley would be elected. Then C comes up and gives B \$75 for a half interest in the bet. Now C says to B, "How much will I win if McKinley is defeated?" B says, "You will win \$250." Then C says, "I will bet you \$5 that I will win \$225." Now who wins the \$5 bet?He only receives \$225.

H. B., Silverton, Col.—A and B both claim that 156 pounds is the middleweight limit at the present time, but A claims that 154 pounds was the limit at the time Fitz and Dempsey fought, but that the weight has been changed to 156 pounds since. B claims that 156 pounds has always been the limit, but that Fitz and Dempsey fought at 154 pounds, as per agreement?One hundred and fifty-six pounds has always been the limit.

R. J. N., North Manchester, Ind.—A bet B that McKinley would have 50,000 plurality in Ohio. Now the point is here: There was a fusion in Ohio between the Democrats and Peoples Party and the Secretary of State of Ohio refused to count the Peoples Party vote for Mr. Bryan. Now in a bet should or should not the Peoples Party vote count for Mr. Bryan?A wins. His plurality was 50,000; his majority over all candidates was less than 5,000.

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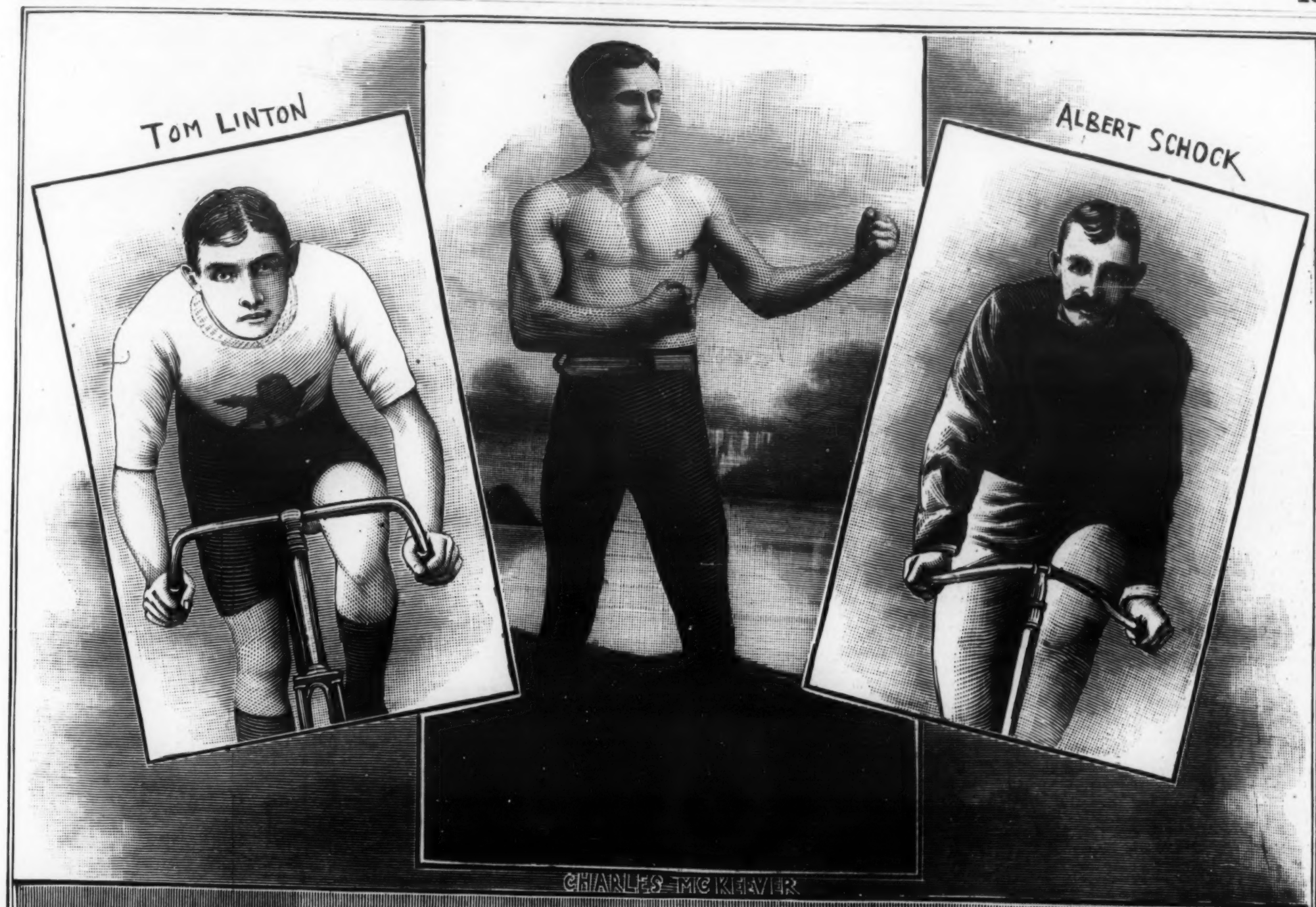
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B. Allen, 320 Walnut St., Des Moines, Ia.....	14
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IN THE BOWLERS' CORNER.

News and Gossip of Interest to the Pin Knights.

The Newtowns took the Kennwood team into camp to the tune of 281 pins at North Cambridge, Mass., last week. The scores for thirty frames being 2,380-2,099.

The Bristol, R. I. Club won a notable victory over the Washington team in Hartford, Conn., last week. The two teams scheduled to meet twice more during the season.

The Empire and Golden Rods by hacking at each other last week in the American National Tournament at the Germania Assembly Rooms, made the Orientals secure for the present in first place.

The Boston representatives rolled the record score of the season in the series with the Charleston representatives last week in the New Amateur League tournament down East. The total was 2,605, five men, thirty frames.

The first championship series between Cincinnati, O., and Chicago, Ill., rollers takes place in Cincinnati on the 19th and 20th. Interest runs high in both cities and a great deal of speculation is indulged in quietly on the result.

On the 29th of this month the Pastime Bowling Club of Cincinnati, O., who own their own alleys, will declare a dividend for its stockholders of 25 per cent., and yet the bowlers of New York hesitate to start a clubhouse of their own.

The North End team won the series last week from the Exchanges in the North Side tournament, Chicago, Ill., with a total of 2,676 to their credit in the twenty-frame game, the Exchanges totaling 2,582. This is an eight-men team tournament.

With the ending of the series last week the Kansas City, Mo., tournament passed the half-mile post. The Owls retain the lead while the Aces and Kansas City are tied for the second place. Hackett is leading for the individual prize, with Whitney and Deiterich close up.

The Linden Grove representatives, when rolling separately in match games, invariably win. As a team, however, they are not invincible. During the past two weeks they have met defeats in the several tournaments they are interested in, and by clubs rolling only moderate scores.

In the A. C. C. tournament, of Boston, the Summersett and Massachusetts teams are tied for first place. The B. and L. team have a commanding lead in the Mercantile League tournament, while Messrs. Meyers, McCarthy and St. James are fighting it out on even terms in their pin league.

In the Southside League tournament, Kansas City, Mo., the Woodlawn team, in their series against the Kennwoods, broke the record for high team score, rolling, with six men, a total of 1,284. The individual average was 214 in the first game, and averaging 207 17/18 for the three games of the evening.

According to official statistics, E. Wagner, of the Buckeye Club, heads the list in the Hamilton County League tournament at Cincinnati, O., with an average of 178. Cassidy, of the Cincinnati, is second with 166, and Dorr, of the West Ends, is in third place with an average of 163 to his credit.

The long winning streak of the champion Plaza Club, of Chicago, Ill., in the Chicago League tournament was broken last week. The Vincennes team succeeded in winning two games, the Plaza rolling in very poor form. However, they still retain the leadership in this competition by a comfortable margin.

The inter-club competition of Boston, Mass., is a model of its kind. At every meeting the clubs play the following games for points: Billiards, pool, whist, and end up the evening with bowling. When some of the most influential clubs of this city own their own club house a tournament of this character will be in order.

A match game is being arranged between the Deconair and Salamagundi clubs in Cincinnati, O., to be rolled next week. Both clubs are composed of ladies and gentlemen and the teams will comprise five ladies and five gentlemen each. All parties concerned are well known and the proposed meeting has already created a large amount of interest.

The managers of the late two-men team tournament of Boston have been warring over the standing of the New York bowlers. They have not quite decided whether they are professionals or amateurs. However, taking in consideration the fact that the amounts they expended for prizes were not fabulous, I think they need not spend many sleepless nights over the problem.

Very often men who are inclined to back their opinion with the best currency of the country in which they live let their sympathies get the better of their judgment. For instance, when the Manhattan Club rolled the Fidelity No. 1 team in the Uncle Sam tournament, Mr. M. C. Fraenkle is reported to have wagered some of the long green on the chances of his team rolling the high score. Well!

Contrary to expectations, Young G. Fraenkle had an easy time defeating Frank Petrie in the match for the juvenile championship in New York on the Uncle Sam alleys. He won three straight, with a high average, and in Brooklyn, Petrie's alleys, he also won the three, but with an indifferent average to his credit. He is now in possession of the medal representing the championship, and is willing to defend it against all comers.

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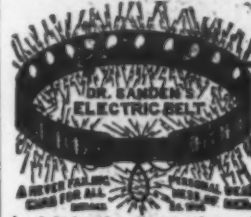
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